WITS BEDLAM,

——————WWhere is had,

Whipping-cheer, to cure the Mad.

The BOOKE.

Those Epigrams *faine would I owe,*
Where euery Word, is a Word and a Blow.

Reproſes, where they are Well deſeru'd;
muſt be Well paide.

At LONDON
Printed by G. ELD, and are to be ſould
by *Iames Dauies*, at the Red Croſſe
nere Fleete-ſtreete *Coudnit*.
1617.

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To the Right noble Lord the *Earle of Buckingham*, be much mirth, permanent *Pleaſure*, and endleſſe happineſſe, *here, and elſe where.*

TO *Thee*, whoſe *Worth* hath doubl'd *good-hopes* (Cape
Thrice in high pleaſures Seas, I ſend this *Toy*,
To mocke ſuch *Apes* (or *Beaſts* in humane ſhape)
As giue vs cauſe of *laughter*, and *annoy*.

Her's *Wit* too ranke, ſith ſprong from too much (ſoyle;
Whereat ſuch *Apes* as but *Saintes* counterfet,
Do *mop* and *mow*; good *ſport*, in *ſpore*, to ſpoile,:
But, iuſteſt *Ierkes* their *wry-mouths* right *ſhall* ſet.

If ſome *Lines* broader bee, than long, herein,
(To make the *laſh* (with laughter) lowd ech blow)
It is, broad Faults to ſcourge with greater *dyn*,
To *feare*, much more than *hurt*, *offenders* ſo: (grieue,
Then when (*deare Lord*) great *cares* your *greatnes*
Laugh at theſe *Ierkes* (like *Greatnes*) in your *ſleeue*.

To the Printer.

Printer, here's for thee; yet, 'tis not *for* mee;
But cleane against mee: for, thei'l ban my Birth
Whose Crimes I scourge; but, that is good for thee:
For, most will rather buy their *Plague*, with *mirth*,
Than *profit* that, with *pleasure*, holds not Quarter;
Then, still *French-crowne* me, sith I am thy Martyr.

And yet, least, so, I should no *Martyr* bee,
Giue mee the *Fame*, take *Gould* and *Blame* to Thee.

Againe, of my Selfe.

SOme (not a few) who long to raiſe their *Name*
In *Poems* to their *Bookes*, ſeeme foes to *Fame*:
Nay, more than *ſeeme*; who vow (to grace their
They publiſh *Books* for *profit*, not for *praiſe*: (daies)
And, hate all friendſhip held with *pride* or *fame*,
Though to their *Bookes*, they vſe to put their *name*.
But I am none of thoſe (diſſembling ſo)
Ile ſpeake the *truth*; And, therfore *All* ſhall know,
That *F A M E* and I haue beene too long in loue,
Now to be foes: Nay, ſtill Ile ſtriue to prooue
The vt'moſt of mine *Vt'moſt* for her ſake;
Yea life forgoe, ere She ſhould me forſake.
And if She leaue mee, through my *Fortunes* wrack,
Ile fly her; ſo, to binde her to my *Backe*:
For *Men* by *Nature*, rather then theile be
Nothing, of *Something*; they deſire to flee
Vpon the *Winges* of euiternall *F A M E*
Beyond *Decay*; and Bee, though but in *Name*.
And be it that vnſanctified *Wit*
With helliſh *Flaſhes* may ſoone kindle it,
And make it burne in glory ſtill; yet luſt
I more for That, than all that turnes to duſt.

Say, tis a burning *feauer* of the *Soule*
To long for that which hurts, not makes her whole
And, that that *Aire* is too too pestilent,
That makes the Sicknes much more violent:
Yea, Water (though from *Castaly* it came)
Is best forborne if it but oyles the Flame;
Yet can *I* not but say, yea, lowdly cry,
I loue, nay doate on all Eternity,
Saue that which hath relation so to ill
As makes *Eternity* abhord: Yet still
My *Muse* a Bowle of *Nectar* drawne from thence
Whence all *Gods* Stellifide haue influence,
And Ile carouse so freely of the same,
That *paine* Ile beare, as *pleasure* 'twere, for *Fame*.
And though *I* reele beneath the Wheele of Fate,
Yet *Fame* shall follow me through *loue* or *hate*:
That if to higher *Stiles I* cannot climbe,
All *Times* shall Stile mee *Taxer of my Time*.

It's a mad world my Maisters,
And a merry world my Mistrisses.

O Braines, what Bounds are set to lymit you,
In *madnesse*? wil you crack the *Pan*, your *frame*?
Will you be mad with Reason? are you true
Vnto my Iudgement, Soueraigne of your Sence?
Lo, how you me expose to endles *Spight*:
To Censure, that may Patience quel to beare it?

Will you interre my *Name* in dateleſſe *Night*,
And for your *Glory* muſt I *Shame* inherit?
Do you containe ſuch *Pow'rs* as are of force
To giue me *Honor* for *Wit* well imploid;
Yet make 'twixt *Wit* and *Wiſdome* ſuch diuorce,
As, with *Worlds-hate*, I ſhall bee ſtill anoyd?
Put that *hate* in one *Scale* (O *Weight* paſt *Weight*!)
And in the other put *Ayres* worſer name,
(Cal'd fame for Folly, or a *vaine conceit*)
Wil This, not light; That, heauy make my fame?
Shal aged Thoughts ſo doate? Shal Childhood now
Inuade my Iudgement with ſo fierce aſſault,
That it to idle Fancies ſo ſhould bow,
As ſtill to beare the weight of Follyes fault?
And ſhall I ſell my *Birth-right* for ſuch Grewell
As feeds, but fattens not; or, fats but Fooles?
Will you to my good Name become ſo cruell
As ſtill to haue me whipt in Wiſedomes *Schooles*?
Be quiet *Wit*, leaue beating of my Braine
To do the *Worke* of playing but on *Crimes*:
To Scourge the *Follyes* of the World is vaine,
If thy Whips Lines be nought but rotten *Rymes*.
Muſes, why ſleepe ye? Will ye ſee me ſinke
O're head and eares in ſhame, who doe adore you?
Stretch out your *hands*: what! frō me do you ſhrink
To drowne in deepe diſgrace while I implore you?
Braines, ſeek you glory of *Heroſtratus*,
To make your Findings curſt to *After-times*?
Call in my *Muſe* and check her thus, and thus;
What do I now? thus (x x x) croſſe I out her *Rimes*,

 10

VVho knowes how neere the Article of Death
My *Fame* and *I* am ? And what 'compt I must
Giue for each vaine and ill imployed breath
I fetch for life? To what then doe I trust?
My *Fame*. Why, that may dye before mee? Or
My *Pleasure*? That dies with mee. VVhat ift then
Makes me thus plague (which I am sorry for,
For hauing cause) my selfe and other men?
Faults; *Faults* & nought but faire & fowlest *Faults*,
Both in my selfe, and others I espie.
Tush, th'are nere mended with such mad Assaults
As make them worse, and many more thereby.
I hope of better: *Aretine*, whom *Fame*
Stil'd *Scourge of Princes* (such I leaue to such)
Kept them in awe: So may an *Epigram*
VVith other soft-brow'd Sinners, doe as much.
But, Oh, I am too broad; and, that doth irke.
But how should I scourge broad sinnes otherwise?
Must I not make them bare before I ierke?
Who knowes not that? Why then let that suffice.
VVhat? *Wit*, how now? Hast 'sneces for these *scapes*?
VVilt thou turne Foole, yet wittily defend it?
Hast thou so many anticke formelesse Shapes?
Yet ween'st it such as Wisdome cannot mend it?
Where art thou Wisdome? wilt thou suffer *Wit*
To runne wilde now in mee; and havocke make
Of all my Reason in a franticke fit?
O Heau'ns! where am *I*? Doe *I* sleepe, or wake?
Is yonder Sky the Skie? Is that the *Sunne*
Which *I* haue waking scene? Is this the Earth

Where

Where ſafe I walke; and now will let me runne
To breake mine Honors neck, in brain-ſick mirth?
Are theſe the Folke I ſoole with, which I ſee?
Or ſhadowes? Shadowes? No. What elſe? Madmen
The greater number: ſo, will Martyre mee
For whipping of but *One*, and fearing *Ten*.
A hall, mad *Bedlams*, now my Braines (like yours)
Begin to crowne my *Muſe*, this *Afternoone*,
Muſt dance a *Brawle*: O! looke! *Apollo* lowres
To ſee his *Prieſt* ſo ſubiect to the Moone!
Gods me, how now? what ſtrange confuſed noiſe
Of murmur heare I? O! the Earth doth ſhake:
Powles makes her People volley-foorth her voyce
Againſt me for their *ierks*. Harke! O! I quake.
S'foote what are theſe that pynch me? Goblins?
A wanion on the Elues for me; What now? (Elues?
Pinch you behind, ye *Nits*, to fane your ſelues?
Before me too? *Saint George*; then haue at you.
What Weather's this? how ſoddain is this Storme?
Whence fall theſe Stones that ſo do batter me?
What! from the *Winds* wide Mouth? can they in-
I weigh them not a *Mite*, ſo light they be. (orme?
Harke how it thunders! All the werld's afire
With flaſhes of the fury of the mad.
Looke, looke, they come; beware, retire, retire:
Hold Braines; this feare, I feare, will make you gad.
Apollo helpe me. No? Wilt leaue me thus?
What! not one glance of fauour in this Caſe?
Then, *Luna* help; be thou propitious. (chaſe?
Why, ſo: thou cheer'ſt me in this Wild-gooſe-

But soft! What smell is this: It wounds my *Braine*?
Breath of *Blasphemers*: Fy, is no Place free
From this so banefull Ayre? Can I remaine
No where, but, lik a Plague, 'twill follow me?
O what a Hell is this? A hell? No, no;
It's better than some *Scapes*, that more offend:
T'is but the bleating of some Calfe, or so,
That feeles my Spleenes iust Ierks; & there's an end.

Bitter zeale, is lesse than Lone.

Fame, gathering out of her own motiō strength,
And liuely grown by laboure in her flight,
I seeke to hold; yet draw her out at length
With this my mirry *Muse*: But, here's the spight:
To follow *Mirth*, as maym'd, she euer vses;
For, Bolts from *Dolts* still cripple mirry-*Muses*.

A Caueat.

TO bite is but a dogged part; to sting
Is but a *Snakes*, *Wasps*, *Hornets*, or a *Bees*;
These Men do shun, sith, Dole, or Death they bring;
Yet some haue, oft, a Medcine made of These;
So, though I byting, barke; and stinging, hisse;
Yet make of all a Medcine for thy Misse.

To Martiall.

MArtiall, th'art ſtill renownd for thy *Free-wit*;
But, oft reproached for thy *Looſer-pen*:
Yet, *Wiſe-men* (longing for a merry-*Fit*)
Reade thee with *Praiſe* & *Pleaſure*, now and then:
Then I (too proudly humble) thinke not ſcorne,
They *Wits-all* call my name for thy *Fames* horne.

The BOOKE to Grauitie.

STerne *Grauity* auert thy face from me;
Or, looke not ſaddly on me: for, I am
Too light, ſomewhere, for Eyes too ſad to ſee;
And yet ſuch *lightneſſe* ſhewes but *Vice* her ſhame:
But, to reproue *Vice* viciouſly, is more
Amiſſe, I feare: the *ſalue's* worſe than the *Sore*:
Yet, *Grace* it ſelfe can hardly *Wit* perſwade
That it is ſin to call a *Spade* a *Spade*.

The BOOKE to the Reader.

LOok'ſt thou for Wit well reliſh'd? here, (Lette:
Yeelds freſh-Wit ſeaſon'd well with *Salt* and *Pepper*:
Then, if they laſt not, or do proue vnſau ry.
It's through thy *Fooley*, rather than my *Knau'ry*.

Againe

Againe.

ART good; and bad thy wit? then, touch me not:
For, I doe often ierke the honest *Sot*.
Art bad, and thy wit good? Forbeare, much more,
To touch mee: for, I lash such till they roare.
Or, art thou good, and great thy *Wits* extent?
Th'wilt loue me, tho thou loathe mine Excrement.
But be thou good or bad: for Six-pence, I
Will glad and grieue thee, make thee laugh & cry
O! take my money,
For this Sowre-Honey.

Why Poets of the pre'sent times, be not so well esteem'd as those of former.

IT's Enuy that doth make vs better deeme
Of men erst breathing, thã now drawing breath:
So, *Poets*, that now liue; we disesteeme,
And read them not, with pleasure, till their death.

Of the worth of wittiest Workes, or Bookes.

RAre *Bookes* are *Of-springs* of *Wits* most com-(pleate,
Distill'd from purest *Braines* refined *Spirits*,
Which thereby are consum'd: then, such rare merits
Tranicend all *Patrons* Guifts how euer great.

Mercy

Paſſages before the Epigrams.

Mercy with Iuſtice.

SHould I, with ierkes of wit, whip euery *Vice*
That now are wādring: I ſhould make my *booke*
Swell as it had the worſt of *Poyſons* tooke;
And, make men ſwell as poiſon'd, with the price:
But, ſome Ile whip; the reſt Ile ſpare for ſome
Of more Wit, and leſſe *grace* in time to come.

Theſe Lines which all, or none do vnderſtand,
Do neither with Wit, Art, nor Iudgment ſtand.

THoſe *Rimes* are beſt (though leaſt of moſt eſteem'd)
That (like ſage *Platoes* Suppers) beſt do pleaſe
When they diiteſted be; how er'e miſ-deem'd
They be at firſt: And, ſo I would haue theſe.

Of My ſelfe, and this Bable, my Booke.

SOme lothe to be laught at for what they write;
But, I do hold that *wrong* theſe *Writings right*:
Then, iudge of theſe too Fooliſh *Writings* ſtate,
That onely aime but to be laughed at.

Againſt Pſeucus the too cunning Palmiſter, and Poet.
Epigram. 1.

PSeucus is perfect in *Chiroſophy*:
That is; hee's hand-wiſe, ſtealing coningly:

But,

But, oft he's well laugh'd at for ſtealing *Rimes*;
So hee's Hand-wiſe,& Head-foole too,ſomtimes.

Upon one named R: Holland,*who kept one* Nell Cotton. *Epigram.*2.

A Light yong-man, who lou'd the like yong-woman
Deſir'd their Things to either might be com-
So,gaue her,whē her good wil he had gottē,(mon:
A *Yard* of *Holland*,for a *Nell* of *Cotton*.

Againſt the nobly-deſended Muſcus,*who wedded a Butchers fat Daughter.*
*Epigram.*3.

THe well-borne *Muſcus* wedded hath,of late,
A Butchers Daughter *Fat*,for *Pounds* & *Plate*:
Which Match is like a *Pudding*;ſith in That
He puts the *Bloud*,hee Father all the *Fat*.

Againſt Faber, *the Eareleſſe forger.*
Epigram. 4.

Faber,the Forger, would himſelf beſtow, (owe
In marr'age faine; and ſweares he nought doth
True:for,hee's Eareleſſe,and hyres all he weares:
So,oweth not ſo much as Clothes, or *Eares*!

Againſt

Againſt Dromus, *the Borrowing barraine, or bankrupt Diſcourſer. Epigram.5.*

Dromus, in talke, repeates but old-ſaid Sawes
Of other Mēs; & then Diſcourſe with-draws:
So, (like a rotten *Naile*) he cannot bore
Through rotten wood without a way before.

Of Lecena, *and her two friends*; Spot, *and* Fuller. *Epigram.6.*

Lecena, hath two friends, that ſtill maintain her;
The one, hight *Fuller*; the other called *Spot*:
Hauing a *Fuller*, ſhe ſhould haue no *Spot*;
And yet the *Fuller* with that *Spot* doth ſtaine her:
Then, if thou canſt not put away her *Spot*,
Fuller, thou and thy Mill, are ouer-ſhot.

Of a poore Curate that wold haue pawn'd his Bible to a rich Preciſians for a Crowne. Epigram.7.

A *Curat*, poore, a rich Preciſian, praide
To lend him but a Crowne but for a *Day*;
But his requeſt (preciſely) he denaide:
Then on his *Bible*, he the ſame did pray;
But he (like a preciſe illiberall *Clowne*)
Would take nor his, nor Gods-Word for a Crown.

Againſt

Against selfe-conceited wine-bibbing Phagus.

Epigram. 8.

PHagus, is wise in his owne Eyes (they say)
Then hee's a Foole to drinke them so away.

Against Gaulus the writing-country Schole-master. Epigram. 9.

GAulus, thou writ'st thy selfe my *scholer*; and
Thou saist thou dost it Scholers so to get:
But, for thine owne, thou still dost shew my hand:
So, thou deal'st plaine, thou canst not Counterfet.

Of Mutius, and Phormius *bloudles single-Combate.*

Epigram. 10.

MVtius, in Field, hath fought with *Phormius*,
(Sith he thought *Phormius* oft his wife did
where, of the *Surgeon*, was but little vse; (smack)
Yet, after, *Mutius* ran him through the *Back*:
But, *Mutius* ran him in behind so sore
Sith *Phormius* oft so vsd his Wife before.

Against

Againſt Mollius, *that is a moſt religious Turner. Probatum eſt. Epig.* 22.

MOllius is moſt religious; but, the ſpight is,
He, like a *Topp*, ſet vp, ſtill turnes: then he
Muſt ſtill bee whipt, to runne the way that right is,
Els, like a *Topp*, hee'l rather turne then flee.

Of the poore, Lady Minthes *frugality in taking a faire* Howſe. *Epi.* 23.

MIntke, hath tane an Houſe (with little pelfe)
As faire, as highly rented: but ſhee ſetts
Her fore-roomes out; and backward lies her ſelfe;
And ſo ſhe liues vppon the *Roomes* ſhe lets:
Then, if by lying Back-ward ſhe doth liue,
She ne're goes Back-ward, but ſhe ſtil doth thriue.

Of the French Fencer that challenged Church *the Fencer at all weapons. Epi.* 24.

THe fencing-*Gaule* (in pride and gallant vant,
Challengd the *Engliſh* at the fencing-skill;
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,
His Errors ſoone reproou'd, and kneckt him ſtill:
But ſith our *Church* him diſciplind ſo ſore,
He (ranck Recuſant) comes to Church no more.

Of Galla'es *true lying. Epi.* 25.

Galla ſtill ſweares ſhe is a maid: but then
If true ſhe ſwears, ſhe is vnknowne of *Men:*
But all men know her commonly (it's ſaid)
Then ſhe doth lie, or is their ſeruing-maid.

Of Caylus *his reſt in motion. Epi.* 26.

All Motion ceaſeth when it hath its end;
(So ſay *Philoſophers*) Then, how is it
That *Caylus* louing long old *Kate* (his friend)
(*Loue* being a *Motion*) now in mar-age knit)
Doth beat her euery day: what reſt is this?
Why, *Reſt of Loue*, while *Hate* in *Motion* is.

Againſt the freewille of Franks *Loue. Epi.* 27.

How iſt that *Franke* ſo many doth be foole?
Beare all in hand; and loue proteſt to alle
Faith her *Hearts* like her *Soules* whole in the whole
And whole in euery part, *bee't neere ſo ſmall*:
So, had ſhe hundreds, ſhe might be alone,
Among them One; yet whole to euery One.

Of Caius *his looſing his Game by miſſing to take a Blott. Epi.* 28.

Caius his *Loue*, came to his Chamber late;
But, hee that *grace* did not congratulate,

But

But with too bashfull chat; who, for the same,
(missing to take her *Blot*) quite lost her *Game.*

Of Flaccus *his two Shadowes to his one body. Epi.* 29.

FLaccus is follow'd with a paire of men, (ill,
That (good for nought) do nought but do him
And yet he shaddowes it: what marvell then
One *Body* should have two such *Shadowes* still?

Againe. Epi. 30.

FLaccus is almost sunke: of that I muse;
Having two *Bladders* which he still doth vse.

Of one that lost a great Stomacke. Epigram. 31.

MAre swears he'hath lost his *Stomacke*; then if (one
that's poore hath found it, he is quite vndon.

Of old Lixus *his young choyce. Epi.* 32.

LIxus the weake old *Dotherd* married late,
a *Maid*, whom friends enforced to that *match*
So she, perforce, made him her wedded *Mate*,
But he, sans force, doth marriage Rites dispatch.

Of Maurus *his* Orpheus-*like melody. Epi.* 33.

MAurus, laſt morne, at's Miſtris window plaid
An *Hunts-vp* on his *Lute*: But ſhe (it's ſaid)
Threw *Stones* at him: So, he, like *Orpheus*, there,
Made *Stones* come flying, his ſweet notes to heare.

Of Womens Maskes. Epi. 34.

IT ſeems that *Maſks* do *Women* much diſgrace,
Sith when they weare them they doe hide their (face.

Of their Mantles. Epi. 35.

I Muſe that *Mantles*, which were made to hide,
Should but diſcouer *Vanity* and *Pride*.

Of the Precedency of Lawyers or Phiſitions. Epi. 36.

OFt *Lawyers* and *Phiſitions* ſtriue for place;
But well ye wot the Fellons go before
The Hangman to the Gallowes: Then the caſe
Is cleare; the *Lawyer* ſhould go firſt therefore.

Of Criſpus miſtaking things. Epi. 37.

Criſpus tooke *Phryna* vp ere downe ſhee was,
He takes things illait's not alone her Caſe.

Of old Linus his young ſeruice to Women. Epi. 39.

OLd *Linus* brags, hee's ſuch a womans man,
As neuer yet was tir'd in ſeruing them:

The

The old Slaue lies for aske his young *Maid Nan*,
And ſhe will ſweare (and yet doth not blaſpheme)
Hee's like a leaden Tuck, at Foynes, or Blowes,
Whoſe *Pomt* & *Pommel* ſtreight together goes.
Then what a ſhameleſſe beaſt is this to vant
Of that foule ſin which he, in Deed, doth want.

Of Glaucus *his mirth and madnes. Epi.* 40.

Glaucus, his mirth doth cheere, his rage doth teare,
And ſo by both he gets both *loue* and *feare*:
Then he (like Cheeſe) doth help (when he's at beſt)
Digeſtion well; himſelfe hard to digeſt.

Of Dauus *his ſelling his great horſe, for a ſmall fault. Epi.* 41.

Dauus hath ſold his *Steed* for ſtarting back
At ſight of Armor, or the ſound of *Drum*.
I muſe he ſold him then, that knew his knacke:
And bought him backward ſtill, to fight to come:
But comming on ſo late, his Lord lay vnder,
Then though a *Iade* a *Iade* ſold 'tis no wonder.

Of Fulniaes feather. Epi. 42.

Fulnia ſtill in her haire a feather weares:
So, ſtill the lighter farre, the heauier beares.

Of

Of Wolfangus *his great Nose and thin beard. Epi. 42.*

I Muſe *Wolfangus* Beard ſo thinly growes;
Yet 'tis no maruell hauing ſuch a *Noſe*:
For being huge, it yeelds ſuch ſhade and breath,
That nought can proſper growing vnderneath.

Of one called Hoopes, *his late embailment from Newgate for filching. Epi. 43.*

ONe *Hoopes*, for filching, late being in the Iayl
Two greazye *Guts*, ere tryall, were his Bayle:
So cut is he, and they are in for him,
Where now they fret while they in ſwet do ſwim:
But Ile be bound the ile neuer cloſe their loops,
If ſuch great Barrells get no better *Hoopes*.

To the woſt fortunate Mr. Robert Rooke, *who married a moſt faire and vertuous wife. Epi. 44.*

R*Ooke* thou art treble bleſſed in thy fate,
That without check, giues *Beauties* Queen the (Mate.

Of Ianus *the Iuſtice, his impriſoning Angels comming from the hands of ſinners. Epi. 45.*

I*Anus* (they ſay) the Iuſtice, lately had
Some *Angels* for a Bribe: But damned he,
That put ſuch Creatures (that our hearts do glad)
Into the hands of Iuſtice, for a *Fee*!

Of

Againſt Libidinis *common proteſtations to his Dabbe. Epi. 46.*

SWeet-lipt *Libidinis* to his whore doth ſweare,
He loues her as his Soule: But better 'twere
He lou'd her as his Body; for, he doth
Pleaſe that with whatſoere likes Taile or Tooth,
As for his Soule, I thinke he truely ſweares,
for he cares leaſt for that, as well appeares.

Of Sir Grobolus *his valiant Stomacke. Epi. 47.*

CHiron the *Centaure* young *Achilles* fed,
With *Bloud* & *Lions* marrow (meat, & drinke)
To make his Stomack great; Then ſo was bred
Sir Grobolus the greazie Guts, I thinke,
Whoſe ſtomack is ſo great (where his good wil is)
That at the Trencher, hee puts downe *Achilles*.

Honor, is Vertues Shadow. Epi. 48.

IF *Vertue* make not *Lords* aſwell as *Birth*,
The *Stiles* but Honors Stampe vpon baſe *Earth*.

Againe, Epigram. 49.

YEt ſome baſe Lords are *Nobles* (right) of blood
but, if they were right gold, they were as good.

Of the prodigall begger Plasmus *his great charity. Epi.*50.

PLasmus, is vtterly vndone by play,
And for his liuing, now, doth fast and pray:
But though he fast and pray thus, still he breeds,
A Multitude, which, with his flesh he feeds.

Against Plutus *his being penny-wise and pound foolish. Epi.* 51.

PLutus doth giue him that his horses breaks
Full fifty pounds a yeare: But to him giues
That breaks his Sonnes but fiue, with fifty Gleeks:
Thus his Sons breaker breaketh while he grieues:
So, *Plutus* Beast's well broken: but his Child
Will (like a Beast vnbroken) still be wilde.

Against the iniudicious depravers of men of Art. Epi. 52.

SOme empty heads, with too ful enuious hearts,
Deprave what comes frō heads stil full of Arts:
So, those obscuring *Clouds* with black reproches,
Thunder against brigiit *Art* like empty *Coaches*.

A Couplet or two fastned to Sir Io: Harrington *his Epigrammes, to doe his Ladies Knight, Yeomans Seruice. Epigram.* 53.

A Vertuous Lady sitting in a Muse
(As many times some vertuous Ladies vse)
Did leane her Elbow on her knee full hard,
The other distant from it halfe a yard;
Her Knight to taunt her by a priuy Token,
Said, Wife a wake, your Cabinet stands open:
She rose and blusht, and smil'd, and soft doth say,
Then, lock it, if you lust, you keepe the Kay.
But he might haue replide; good Wife, you mock;
My Key can open, but not shut the Lock.
Sith tis a Spring; and Kayes in generall
Will doe't, if it so open ly to all.

Against wiues that will not worship Baal. *Epigram.* 54.

Baal the *Hebrue* Word doth signifie
Husband & *Lord* (as Linguists haue vs taught)
But many wiues (t'avoide Idolatry)
Refuse to worship *Baal*; yet are naught!

How bad Husbands recompence a good House-wife. Epigram. 55.

A Good wife's (like a Snaile) nere out of doore
(Except her *Head*) to shun, and let abuse:

That

That makes bad husbands goe abroad the more
To horne their wiues (poore *Snailes*) for keeping (house

A good Wife should be vnlike the Moone.
Epigram. 66.

A Good-wife should vnlike the *Moone* appeare,
(Which most appeares whē most she's from the (*Sun*)
Not once appere but when her *Sun* is neere:
But some, like *Lunaticks*, abroad doe runne, (vewes,
Most when their *Sunnes* are furthest from their
So, multiply the *Beames* on their *Sunnes* Browes!

Of Nell *that was married to some Thing, her selfe having Nothing. Epigram.* 68.

NEll, no *Thing* hath; which breeds her husband (lothing:
Then this he onely knowes, that he knowes (nothing.

Of a Wanton Paires marriage in the night.
Epigram. 69.

CLaro, for hast, was married in the night:
That was becauſe his wife and he were light.

Of Witty Stophus *that married a faire Foole.*
Epigram. 70.

STophus, with his great wit, a foole hath wed;
Strange death the liuing's boūd so to the dead.

Of

Of Spongius, *ouerthrowne by the Kings Armes. Epigram. 60.*

THe *Kings-armes*-Tauerne, *Spongius* brings full (flow:
No maruell: *Kings-armes* Subiects ouerthrow.

Against Beastias *his filthy Tongue. Epigram. 61.*

BEastias foule Tongue still talkes, and's Tâle (among,
Which shews more wit & grace then his foule (Tongue.

Of some Merchants Wiues coniuring. Epigram. 62.

SOme Merchants Wiues coniure their Maids, in (stormes,
With Wands inchanting, working wonders for:
But on their husbands heads some coniure hornes,
By their Familliers still, with them below!

Against perfum'd fellows. Epigram, 63.

THey that smell least, smel best; which intimates,
They smell like Beasts that smell like *Cyuet-* (cats.

Of the trauelling Eboracian Cæsus *his strange fortune. Epigram. 64.*

CÆsus, the *Eboracian*, made aboade,
Two yeares in *Palestine*, and one at *Strade:* (Whose

Whose wife, at his returne, he found with Child;
Whereat when she perceau'd him to grow wild
She sai'd he got it; 'tis his owne (she sweares)
But then (if it be true) it well appeares
His *Organ* of *begetting* longer is
Than the *Turkes* Arme, that falls far short of this:
Then that must needs be propt vp with a Forke,
That reaches from *Ierusalem* to *Yorke*!

Of Friscus *his secret iesting with a too earnest Lady. Epigram.* 65.

Friscus in secret, iested with a Lady,
(Which *iesting Chaucer* sat more broadly stiles)
Who, fearing fainting, call'd him *Foole* and *Baby*,
But he with iesting plide her all the whiles:
Then, if she call'd him foole, she did not fable:
For, fooles are euer iesting with their Bable.

Of Hipocrites, pretending to haue the Spirits Vnction. Epigram. 66.

THe *Vnction* of the *Spirit* some seeme to haue;
So, seeme they pure whom vices most deprave:
Yet with that *Vnction* sleeke them selues about,
Too like leane *Kidneies*, onely fat without.

Against self-flattery. Epigram. 67.

THat flattery merits most contempt and blame,
Where flatterer, and the flattered is the same.

Of

Of a moſt Honorable Error.
Epigram.68

Caliuſius Sabine thought his Learning deepe,
Sith he about him Clarks profound did keepe:
O! that our Nobles would ſo nobly erre,
They ne're ſhould liue their glory to interre!

Of a Flatterer. Epigram.69.

A Flatterer (like a Wraſtler) ſtoupeth low
To him he flatters; ſo, to ouerthrow:
God bleſſe good *Princes* from ſuch ſtoupers; and,
Place ſuch about them as doe vpright ſtand.

Of a Free-man made too faſt. Epigram.80.

THe whore *Lenea* wiues a Knight at laſt; (faſt!
So ſhe, being looſe, makes this free Knight too

Of no fiſh call'd Salmon. Epigram.81.

A Man, call'd *Salmon*, Siuern bancks dwelt vnder
That his wife *Salmons* ſpawn'd then, was no (wonder!

Of Curtius *open-handednesſe. Epigram.82.*

Curtius, doth vſe his money as his *ſlaue*;
But better t'were he vſ'd it as his Friend:

For.

For, otherwiſe twill leaue him by his leaue;
So will his friends without leaue, in the end:
Then vſe it *Curtius* as thy *ſlaue*; yet ſo,
That thou make much of it, before it goe.

Of Beſtius *hate. Epigram.* 73.

Beſtius doth hate, not enuy good men: why?
A *Beaſt* doth hate, but neuer can enuy.

Againſt Fauſtus, *the prophane ſwearing Swaggerer his hate. Epigram.* 74.

Fauſtus ſtill ſweares he lothes the married ſtate:
But it muſt needs be good which ſhe doth hate.

Againſt Metra *her deafneſſe. Epigram.* 75.

When *Metra* is ſolicited to *Do*,
She ſeemes as if ſhe gaue no *Eare* thereto;
Put (dallying) vſeth ſtrange diuerticles
Vntill ſhe heares th'agreements Articles:
And then ioynes iſſue with the *Suters* ſtreight,
Who lightly ends the matter with ſome weight.

Of Cleobulinas *darke Diſcourſe. Epigram.* 76.

Cleobulina, ſpeakes by *Parrables*,
In Riddles (darke) her ſence ſhe doth infold:

No

No *Eagles* eye (though holpe with Spectacles)
Can see the way her meaning to vnfold:
But aske her for a Gowne, what she will do?
Those words shee'le eccho plainly, *She will doo.*

What Lawyers are like. Epi. 92.

Lawyers are like the Tongues of *Ballances*,
Foes to th'oreweighd with *Coyne & Countnan-*
Who still encline vnto the weightiest side; (ces,
And there while weight remaines, they do abide.

Lawes were better to be like Hunters Toyles,
which they be not: Than like Cob-webs,
which they be. Epi. 93.

Like *Cob-webs*, Lawes still take the little flyes,
When as the *Wasps* & *Hornets* scapes with ease
But Hunters Toyles the great Beasts do surprise;
And let the little scape: were Lawes like these,
The great should haue less power the small to hurt
Or, if they did, they should be hampered sort.

Of the vnbloody warres of Poets. Epi. 79.

The Banquet of the *Centaures* made (it's sed)
The Cups to flye at one anothers head:
And oft such Banquets are with *Mars* his Mates,
Where *Bokes* let out and take in blood of Pates:
But *Poets* are more wise and merry men,
That freely drinke and war but with the Pen.

Of

Of Blaynus *the Beggers cunning counterfetting. Epigram.* 80.

BLaynus the Begger, and ſly Counterfet,
With *Birdlime*, *Meale*, & *Blood* with eaſe, doth
Sores on his *Limbes*; ſo, Cruſted cunningly, (ſet
That Hearts of *Steele* melt at his miſery.
Thus, he being *whole* doth *breake*; yea thus breake
To moue mens mercy, as he ſits without: (out,
But if your *Birdlime* (*Blayne*) ſo take men ſitting,
You make Men *Dottrells*, caught with Counterfet-
(ting.

Againſt Phanus *his Modeſty. Epigram.* 81.

PHanus, the baſhfull Leacher, dares not name
thoſe Parts which to abuſe he coũts no ſhame:
O monſtrous modeſty! that ſhames to ſay
That which to Doe he holds but ſport, or play.

Of Fluxus *his conſtant change. Epigram.* 82.

IN euery Month eu'n as the Moone doth change;
So *Fluxus* ſtate a change doth ſtill ſuſtaine;
Now fills, thẽ falls (with Courſe vnſtaid, as ſtrange)
Like a ſtronge *Felt*, ſoone downe, then vp againe:
Were he ſtarke Lunatick t'would not do ſo:
Yet like his *Braines*, his ſtate doth ebbe and flow!

Against Phannius *sad lookes, linde with lightnesse. Epigram.82.*

P*Hannius*, doth sẽd his Conscience to the Stews;
Yet vph is Countenance demurely Mewes,
Like an Italians wifes the worse for that;
For so it more deceaues in I know what.

Of Nichus *good fortune, being robd. Epigram.83.*

COpper-nos'd *Nichus* swears that rob'd he was:
But I suppose the Theefe was but an Asse;
For that he left behinde him, and did lose,
The preciouſt Thing he had; which was his *Nose*!

Against Curtezans that colour their whoredome with a catholike pretence. Epi.84.

N*Ais, Lais, & Thais*, were not so neere in name
As in their Trade, 3 whores past grace & sham
So whore, whore, whore come not in sound more
Then som pure fasters, to that Belly-cheere. (neere

Of a Knight, that did a worke of darkenesse in the Light, and my sight. Epi.85.

OF late, I chanc'd to see a Lady, light
(Light I may wel say) from her bright *Caroch*

Wher houſ'd ſhe was; wherin ſoone went a Knight,
Which I obſerued ſitting in a Porch.
The Knight gon vp the waiting-maid came down;
And left them in a Chamber next the Street:
The Maide, at doore, conuerſt; while (as his owne,
Though nothing leſſe) the Knight his Loue doth
o, But Loue is blind; & ſo ſaw neither louer (greet.
that through the glaſs they might be ſeen by day:
So in my ſight, he did Knights-ſeruice to her
Againſt the Window, this light Ladies Stay:
For, ſith the *Deed* was darke, this vertuous Knight,
(With a free ſpirit) ſtill puſht it into Light.

Of my Selfe. Epigram. 86.

Cornelius, Gallus, Sappho, Pindarus,
Anacreontes, Alceon, Orpheus,
Propertius, Virgill, Ouid, Iuuenall
Callimachus, Philetes, Martiall,
Catullus and *Tibullus*; Theſe haue ſung
In ſeu'rall Straines of *Loue* and whores among:
Then, haue, I Precedents for what I do
Againſt or edoing Drabbs that men vndo;
But if the Bridwell Laſh them nothing irks,
They will but laugh at theſe poore paper-lirks.

Of Frontus *his Formoſity and Deformity. Epi. 87.*

Frontus, the Gallant, is both faire, and foule;
Which *Contradiction*, faith can hardly win:

Yet

Yet being braue in *Body*, ſoild in *Soule*,
Maks good hee's faire without, and foule within:
And though his Suits be ſilks of ſeuerall formes,
He's but inuolud with Excrements of Wormes;
For which he's ſued both within, and out;
And ſo his onely beauty is in *Sute*.

Of Phormus *his gelded Purſe. Epigram.* 88.

PHormus, had in his Purſe two *Rubies* (rich)
When with his *Turkeſſe* (damned drab) he lay:
To find which Purſe & Stones ſhe ſought his brich
While he found ſport for which he decre did pay:
For, when ſhe found his Purſe, ſhe made no Bones
To geld it, 'ere he found it, of the *Stones*.

Of Rufus *his merry-ſory night. Epigram.* 89.

RVfus hath found a Thouſand pound (they ſay)
In but one merry night; and that in play
Which ſome call Game: but ſo much loſt, in brief,
Was won in Game, but loſt in deadly griefe.

Againſt the falſe ſuruey of one W: Pearch (*a foule deformed Lout*) *who, with his mathematicall Inſtrument, meaſur'd one Kate Acre amiſſe; yet made it full e're he had done. Epi.* 90.

A *Pearch*, that wanted mans proportion,
Meaſur'd an *Acre* ſtanding, in a Vale:
Who found it full when he the Worke had done;
Yet it refuſ'd ſith falſe he found the *Dale*:

Then thus, in Sum; This *Pearch*, that did forſake
Vniuſtly meaſured this fulleſt *Acre*. (her,

One Kingman *dwelt at the ſigne of the White Horſe in Iſlington; wearing out there* 2. *leaſes of* 21. *yeares a peece: the Landlord, at laſt, being bid more rent by another, vnkindly vnherſt him when he was leaſt able to get on foote. A like for that.*
Epi. 91.

THe White-horſe (*Kingman*) like a beaſtly (friend
Bare thee ſo long in this lifes Pilgrimage,
That he hath brought thee neere thy lorneies end;
But left thee there to creepe the reſt through age:
Twice twenty yeares and two, thou him didſt tire,
Which like a lade now leaues thee nere the *Mire*:
But, did the Horſe or Hirer leaue thee there?
Faith both; for, both now lades (at leaſt) ap- (peare.

Of the Noſe-wiſe Leacher, Volgus.
Epigram. 92.

IT's ſaid the *Vulture* hath a ſmell ſo quick
That any Carcaſe (dead) where euer hid,
Hee'l ſoone find out: Then *Volgus* hath this Trick:
For, he'l find out a Rig (though ouer rid,
And rotten ripe) where euer hid ſhe bee;
Then, he's a *Vulture* at his Leachery.

Of

Of Deere-stealing. Epigram. 93.

SOme Colts(wild younsters)that nere broken (were
Hold it a doughty deed to steale a *Deere*:
If cle anly they come off,they feast anon;
And say their Prey is good fat *Venison*:
If otherwise,by them it doth appeare
That that which they haue stollen then, is *Deare*!

Of Fidlers cheape good cheare. Epigram. 94.

FIdlers still fill their *Eares* with cheapest Notes;
And fill their Bellyes seld,at their owne Cost:
That makes the Wag-strings haue such greedy
Whē they(shotfree)do feed on sod & rost: (throts
For when they come to that,to them its Nuts
To stretch their great, & grate their smaller Guts.

Of poore Cynna *the precisians deadly hatred of the Crosse. Epigram. 95.*

CYnna, is pure, and scornes,nay hates the *Crosse*;
Yea,lothes his Front sith at the Font it tooke it:
And saith,it is the *Soules* eternall Losse
To marke but with it:so,he cannot brooke it:
I wot not *Cynna* why you it dispise
Vnlesse that *Crosses* be your enemies.

Of Ladies silke-stocks embost vpon the Top, and Seames with gold. Epigram. 96.

LAdies, ist not enough Silke-stocks to weare,
But they on Seames, and Tops must be embost,
With *gold*, or *siluer*, though it ne're appeare?
Nere? That were hard, & all that Charge were lost.
Who knowes not, *beauty* still vnseene, is vayne
As is our *brauery*: but, who braueſt be;
Or fair'ſt, deſire to haue it ſeene, to gaine
Some notice or reſpect; then, ſurely, ſhe
That weares ſuch *Stocks*, her knees diſcloſeth oft,
That ſome may ſee the Charge that is a loft.

Of two Gallants that agreed to fight, went out, were hurt, and return'd without bleeding Epigram. 97.

TWo *Gallants* needs would fight; *Sword, Time*,
Appointed were, & all agreed vpon: (& *Place*,
Then both rode out, and ran a Wild-gooſe-chaſe;
But both miſtooke the place: ſo, both, alone,
Returnd againe, both ſwearing they were there;
True there where both were hurt a like with feare:
Then ſith their fearefull hurts ſo equall were;
Let them ſhake hands to heale their hurts of *Feare*.

Of Iuliaes *bookiſhneſſe. Epigram.* 98.

Iulia, is Bookiſh; and, doth ſtudy ſtill
To faſhion *Natures* fauoures to her will:
Her *Mirrour* is her *Booke*, her time to paſſe;
And ſo ſhe euer ſtudies on her *Glaſſe*.

Of Zenius *his taking Tobacco with a whiffe. Epigram.* 99.

Zenius ſtil takes *Tobacco*, with a Whiff; (ſpeaks,
Which (ſo) doth make him drunk, that, whē he
His Tongue doth faulter in his Mouth, as if
He parting were: yet, when to part he ſeeks,
He falls; ſo, cannot part: and, ſo, he dies
In *Shew* at leaſt, but yet, in *Deed*, he lies!

Of the ſmall reſpect had of learned men in generall. Epigram. 100.

Caligula, enuying the bright fames
Of *Homer*, *Virgill*, and graue *Liuius*,
Or'ethrew their *ſtatuaes*, to or'ethrow their *Names*
But would theſe times had none more barbarous,
For, in this *age*, *Caligulaes* we find
That let them ſtarue, that ſhine in either kind.

Of Blanius *loſing his Game by ouer-ſhooting.*
Epigram. 101.

BLanius, they ſay, doth kiſſe his Dayrie Maide,
For which meere fame he hath already paid
Fees in the Conſiſtory: but ſince (ſaith Fame)
He hath kiſt her home, and ſhot beyond his ayme:
For, ſith the Maide, by him, with Child is got,
A full Shafts length he hath himſelfe ore'ſhot.

Of one that would haue an Epitaph to ermoue the King in a Suite. Epigram. 102.

ONe ſcarſe like One, came to me when I was
Extremely buſie in mine idleneſſe,
Beſeeching me to help him in a Caſe
Of too ill hap, which he did worſe expreſſe.
He ſaid he had Petitioned the King
For help therein; who gratiouſly did grant it;
But for (poore man) it lack't remembring,
He (ſighing) ſaid; that he as yet, did want it.
Therefore (with killing words, vrg'd mortally)
An *Epitaph* he begg'd (as t'were for Bread)
To moue the King, God bleſſe him man (quoth I)
Amen (quoth he) but this will ſtrike it dead.
Then thus (the beſt I could) I made him one:
Here lies a Suite that lately was a foote;
Yet weakly paſſed (wel-neere all alone)

Vnto

Vnto a Royal Hand that ſtrength put too't,
But falling from that warme Hand caught ſuch cold,
That it (alas) dide ſooner than it ſhould:
So, if that ſacred high Hand raiſe it not,
The Suitor with the Suit below muſt rot.
Then all good People that in Court are mute,
Pray for the riſing of this ſimple Sute.

Of Curius *and* Phrynees *careles dancing.*
Epig. 103.

Curius, doth careleſly the Meaſures tread;
And *Phryne*, dancing with him, like doth moue
But while they doo the ioyneth head to head,
And moues her to the meaſure of his loue:
So, in a dance, when *Phryn'* with *Curius* meets,
She's won to dance The ſhaking of the ſheets.

How Dol's *a Drab and yet no Curtezan.*
Epi. 104.

A Punck's call'd *Courteſan* of courteſie:
Then *Doll*'s a Drab and yet no *Courtezan*:
For with her friends ſhe deales moſt cruelly,
And in Loues ſkyrmiſh ſpoyleth many a man:
Yet is ſhe kind and courteous where ſhe takes,
And plaies with them, But feld' they ſaue their (*Stakes.*

Againſt

Againſt Lucar *the Lawyers damning an innocent Fee to hell. Epi.* 105.

Lucar, the Lawyer tooke a *Fine-pound Fee*,
Of one whoſe Cauſe was finally at hearing:
Whereof he heard: but it did heare nor ſee:
The Client, wrongd came after to him, ſwearing
He ſhould reſtore his Fee: quoth he, not ſo:
In Hell is no Redemption, as you know:
But, *Lucar*, if your *Purſe* and *Conſcience* bee
Your Hell: from thence the wiſe wil keep their Fee.

Of Staſicrates *his great offer to great* Alexander. *Epi.* 106.

Staſicrates (an Architect) of yore,
To *Alexander* came, and fault did finde
With all his *ſtatuaes*; ſaying they were poore,
And too too ſmall for one of ſo great mind.
But I (quoth he, if you thereto agree)
Of *Athos* Mount will make your *Statua*;
The Feet whereof ſhall reach vnto the Sea:
And both Hands hold the pride of *Thracia*.
The right ſhall hold the hugeſt Citty there,
Along the left-hand-*Palme* (as it were ſweat)
Shall run her faireſt Riuer, which doth beare
The royal'ſt *Ships*: Theſe Greats are like thee, great
Theſe will be ſempiternall, worthy thee:
But, vading thinges thy glory will deceiue:

All

All other Artists are but Shades to me;
On Earth alone I endlesse glory giue:
But, with one drop of inck, some Poets Pen
Can make him longer liue, a *God*, with *Men*!

Against Cornius *the wittie Common Cornuter.*
Epigram. 107.

THe *Stoicks* held, it's better be a foole
In humane shape; then to be ne're so wise
In brutish Forme: but, *Cornius* hates their schooles:
For, hee's a Man-beast in his *Luxuries*:
Yet is his *Bash*, of *Braines*, exceeding full;
But, makes himselfe (damn'd Beast) a common (Bull!

Against the Prodigall Brutes excessiue riotousnesse.
Epigram. 108.

VVHen *Brute* (the Waster) to accompt must (come
For his Expences, at the day of doome;
Inprimis (he must say) for *Pheasant-Poults*,
For *Fidlers*, *Singers*, *Players*, *Buffons*, *Dolts*,
For rich *Perfumes*, *Confections*, *Suger*, *Sack*,
For *Fashions*, & *New-fangles* for the Back; (Toies,
For *Hankes*, for *Hounds*, for *Trulls*, and such like
For Suppers still, to still but roring Boyes;
For *Cards* and *Dice*, and what by them was lost
By Cheaters Craft, and such-like other cost:
Which seu'rall *Items*, hauing surely Summes
Tide, with a dismall Black-line, to their Bummes:

Making

Making the totall, thousands to surmount
Twenty times doubled: how will this account
Passe with the Iudge whose doome is strict & pure?
Faith, then these *Items*, ITS will procure:
But this *Quietus est*, will little booce,
Sith this cold *Reckoning* hath a burning *Foote*.

Of Celestines performing Lycurgus *his Law. Epig.* 109.

Icurgus made a Law, (which youth approues)
That if an old man, cold in loues desire,
Had matcht a wife as young as youngest Loues,
She might a young-man choose to get his Heyre.
Then English *Celestine* this Law obserues:
Who wiuing late an old man, she doth take
A lusty youth (his man) that for him serues
To keepe a coyle; so, saues his Maisters Stake:

Whether meat or drinke be most desired or may bee best forborne. Epi. 110.

WHether we meate or drinke may best forbeare
some make a doubt although the case be cleer,
For some, through age, do loose their eating quite;
But to the last, they'le drinke with rare delight:
Many their mawes to meat by sickneesse lose;
But, drinke is euer meat and drinke to those:
And as Lifes lateſt refuge is the Heart,
So drink's the harts; which drinks, & then doth part
This

This makes ſo many health it, as they doe,
Till they be heart-ſicke; and then drinke they too:
So drinke is theirs in Sickneſſe and in Health,
And loue, like Man and Wife in wo, and wealth:
But (Healthers) though this health ſtil like you ſo,
Yet do but kiſſe it and ſo let it go.

Of my ſelfe. Epi. 111.

SOmtimes a man, with wealth and wit endow'd,
Offerd his *Soueraigne* largely, but for this;
That in his eare he might bee, oft, allow'd
In ſight, to ſay, God ſpeed, with voyce ſubmiſſe:
But (Lord!) were I in this mans coat or caſe,
I ſcarce ſhould ſaue my ſelfe with ſo much grace.

Againſt Drunkards. Epi. 112.

A Man (they ſay) ſurmounts all Creatures far,
Yet Dogs, than ſome men, are more regular:
For after-noone they goe alone from feaſts:
But ſome men cannot; they are worſe than beaſts.

The quality of diuers Nations.
Epi. 113.

THe *Portugall* both ſeemes and is a foole:
The *Spaniard's* not too wiſe; yet ſeems not ſo:
The *French* ſeemes fond but learnes in wiſedomes ſchoole,
The *Engliſh* wiſe; but it he cannot ſhew:

The

Th' *Italian* wife each way (the World doth wot)
And so the *Dutch* would be, but for the Pot.

Against the fantasticall Attire that many Ladies weare now a daies. Epi. 114.

IF *Ladies Manners* with their *Gaunds* agree;
Then they *Seeme* such, they would not seeme to
But if they would not *Bee* as th'are in sight, (*Be*;
Let them not weare what makes them seeme so
(light

Of the strange daring of yong gallants of these familiar times. Epi. 115.

VErtumnus was a *God* the *Romans* fein'd,
That gouernd *Mindes* & could all shapes as-
Oh! if that *Quality* were yet reseru'd (sume;
For some audacious Lads that would presume;
What Ladies Locks, nay what Queenes Closets
Be left vnlockt the Wags would be so bold! (hold

Of Dawlus *his vnkind kindnesse.* Epi. 116.

CRowes will not feed their yong til 9. daies old,
Because their vnkind colour makes thē doubt
Them to be theirs; which makes thē to with-hold
Their helpe, till Time the truth by proofe brings
If *Dawlus* then were witty as a *Daw*, (out,
Hauing a Child so farre vnlike him selfe,
He would from him his helping-hand with-draw,

And

And let th' vndoubted father keepe the *Elfe*:
But(Nat'rall)he,is kinder than a Crow,(know.
To keepe the Brat, whose *Sire* he doth not

Against D. Tangus *his swelling phisick, Epi.* 117.

Tangus, the Phisick-doctor, loues a VVhoore
Better then giuing phisick to the poore.
He hath the arte of Bawdry better farre
Than Phisick: yet, in both doth make and Marre:
He makes a Maide a VVhoore;so,mares her quite:
And makes a sound man sick,or dead out-right.
What Virgin can resist, when he doth boast
He can restore her Maydenhead,if lost:
VVhich at her marriage shalbe found as strict
As any Girles that Loue did ne're afflict.
When he doth promise, by a phisick-feate,
To let the Wombe & Pappes from growing great.
To giue her Vnguents and Complexions store
To make her *Beauties* rare Reflexions more:
To keepe her Body still, in healthfull state;
And make her mirry in despight of *Fate*.
VVhich hauing VVill to promise, Skill, to do;
VVhat VVench can choose but loue & please him (too?
Tangus, your Arte your Nature truly hits.
That helpes or hinders *Loues* stil-burning fits.
But take heed (*Tangus*)how you empty still (fill,
The VVombes which you with working-phisick
Least some repentant wench which vse you haue
Say at her end you vse her like a Knaue:

Then,

Then, let mee thee admoniſh (without ſtripes)
Giue no more Phiſick with ſuch Gliſter-pipes.

Of the Phyſitions meanes and opportunity to be bandy. Epi. 118.

NO Craft, like that of Phiſick, hath ſuch times,
For baudy-matches, & ſuch carnall crimes:
No houſes are ſo cloſe, nor walls ſo ſtrong,
No Priſons nor no Monaſtries, among,
Which may or can the Emperick ſhut out:
Nay, more, he maketh iealous huſbands pout:
For, ſole he muſt be with their Loue ſicke wiues,
To miniſter what they loue as their liues.
Eudemus ſo did Phiſicke *Lunia*, (ſicke)
And *Vellius Valentinus* did the like
To *Meſſalina*: So, they were do faile
Of time to giue cloſe Phiſicke at the ( )

Of Leuis *his Colours. Epi.* 119.

LEuis goes al in coluors, light, as bright; ſweare
And ſtalkes, ſpeaks bigge: ſo that a man would
That he ſome Peacock were at the firſt ſight;
For, he more colours hath, and much more deare:
Yet he no colour hath, or ſmall, at moſt)
To keepe a Lords wife at the *Bare ones* coſt.

Of

Of Curius *his courage neuer cooled.*
Epi. 120.

BY Conqueſt *Proculus*, the Emperour,
Took, of *Sarmatians* Maids, an hundred, which
In fifteene dayes and nights he did deflowre;
But, *Hercules* in a night did haſe as much.
And *Theophraſtus* tells in India growes
An Hearb ſo rare, whereof when one hath eaten,
He threeſcore times and ten, at once, did cleſe,
In the Venetian fight; yet ſcapt vnbeaten.
Well; theſe are Prodigies, and are beleeu'd
No further than their tellers credit goes:
But *Curius* ſweares he ne're was yet depriu'd
Of force for that: ſo, all his time beſtowes
In *Venus* ſeruice; But, at laſt, ſome knocks
He needs muſt haue; els ſcapes well with a Poxe.

Againſt Gloſſus *immoderate deſire of glory.* *Epi.* 121.

GLoſſus will doe no good without you praiſe (him,
So, in his goodnes ſtil vaineglory ſtayes him:
Like a full pierced veſſell in his bent,
That will not run vnleſſe you giue it vent.

Of false Prophets. 122.

IF *Prophets* were deriu'd of profitting,
Then *Lawyers* Prophets be, still Prophesying.

Of couetous Patrons. Epi. 123.

Patrons are *Latrons*: then, by this,
Th'are worst of greedy People:
Whose *Cognizance* a *Wolfes-head* is;
And in his Mouth a Steeple.

Of Fluscus *the proud Miser, and his more proud and miserable wife making their Tombe before their death. Epig.* 124.

Fluscus, & his grim wife their Tomb haue made
Before their death; and in the *Church* it pight;
As some do make a *Deaths-head* and a *Spade*
To mortifie them with that mortall sight:
Yet *These* are humble made by *This* they make;
But *Those* do make *That* only for *Prides* sake: (be,
Then how their thoughts should there entombed
Yet here liue proud and harde, I hardly see.

Againe. Epi. 125.

To make that which bereaues vaine *Pride* of (breath,
Prides life in life, is pride in life and death.

Of

Of Caylus *getting by giving ground to his enemies. Epi.* 126.

Caylus, doth thriue in giuing ground t'his foes;
So he in going backward, forward goes:
Much like a Wyer-drawer, who hath the knack,
To draw the more, the more he draweth backe.

How a Man more then Woman is shrewd. Epigram. 127.

A False speech, *Custome* hath for true, alow'd
In calling curst Wiues shrewed: when in truth,
The Husbands of such wiues are truely shrew'd;
For, of th'ensuing *Sayings*, it ensuth:
Who gets a Wife (we say) he wiued is;
Or, if apparrell; hee's apparelled:
If Riches; hee's enritched: So, by this,
When he hath got a Shrew, he is Shrewed,
For, names of Sheepe or Shrews all woemen keep;
Then men are Shrew'd whose womē ar not Sheep.

That which is farre fetcht and deere bought is good for Ladies. Epi. 128.

MY Lady calls for *Wine*; yet ere shee drinkes,
She curiously demands what cost the *Tun*?
If it be said *Ten-pound*; she from it shrinkes;
And, mewing sayes shee'le none: But, let it run

Into another Bowle; then, bring it her,
And say it cost much more; shee drinks it straight,
And sweares it's much more delicate, than deere:
So, wine she measures by the prices weight;
This is a feauer of the Minde; then, she
Should still, be kept from drink; so, cur'de to be.

Of my venturing in the Lottery.
Epigram. 129.

I Long'd to venture in the *Lottery*
An *Angell*; but was loth to part with that:
Did I both long, and loath? yes, that did I;
Long for a Prize, yet loath to be laught at.
But yet I ventur'd; and for that I haue
That which I had; *No hope my selfe to saue.*
If what I had I haue, I'me as I was:
True: for I am, and was for this, an *Asse.*

My Rimes that ran before my reason into the Lottery. Epi. 130.

CRownes are inestimable: yet if I
With halfe one get 4000. Crownes I lye:
Yet that this lying Sin I should eschue;
Fortune (I find) hath made me speak too true.

Of Lewis *his heauines and lightnes. Epigram.* 131.

Lewis, is light and heauy both at once;
Strange Paradox! for, he is euer drunke:
And therefore drinkes he freely (for the nonce)
Vntill he other sinkes, or quite is sunke:
And then (as Drunkard know) himselfe he feeles
Light in the Head and heauy in the Heeles.

Against those that taxe this present Age for blind ignorance, sith it sees not how to commend their pretended knowledge. Epi. 132.

TO taxe the Age wherein we liue for want
Of Learning, Wit, or Grace, is but to vant
Our priuate glory in the Ages shame:
Which is (alas!) too deerely purcha'st Fame:
Sith hee that seeks to rise by all mens fall,
His fame is, like himselfe, still loth'd of all:
For, be it that most men, (meere lead) doe sincke
Ore-head, that seeke to swim in learned Inke;
And, quite are drown'd when they do seek to gage
The ground of Arts full Sea, that swells with rage
Of heauenly Windes high raptures: yet there bee
Some, that with diuing, can the bottome see;
And each least thing that in it mooues or lyes,
Sith, skilfully, they diue with open eyes.

Now

Now, if this *Seme* be not the greater heape
Of men: t'was so when *Learning* was most cheape:
Men of all *Ages* were none otherwise;
Fooles still surpast the number of the wise.
Then, let this *Age* that (on the Brow of *Time*)
Sees writ the former best of *Prose* and *Rime*;
And well can adde (as former *Times* haue done)
To all Arts that were formerly begun,
With heauy Taxes not be so oppresst;
„ The Bird's too bad that fileth her owne Neast.

Againe. Epigram. 133.

THe Wits (though wilde in this) haue now a (Straine
VVhen they applaud each others versing.
To say, *they write* three *Ages*, if not more, (Veine
From being well conceiu'd. Lord! this lies sore
Vpon the Stomack of the present *Age*
VVhich saith; *It knowes such Poets write in rage*
VVhich still blinds *Reason*; so, they maddly write:
Then would they haue the *Age*, but at first sight,
So mad to know that *Language*; which (perchãce)
Them selues, in that, must oft plead ignorance
VVere they examined throughly to the quick?
God shield the *Age* should be so *Lunatick*:
As all *Arts* grow with *Age*; so, *Wit* hath growth:
Then, th' *Age* wants no *Discretion*, but the (*Youth*.

Epigram.

Epigram. 134.

GReat *Alexander*, *Aristotle* Will'd
To end his *Bookes*, of *Beasts*, which he begā;
For which his paines he so his Cofers fill'd
As might suffize to make a *Beast* a *Man*!
It was *eight hundred Talents* mountiug to
Foure hundred, some score, thousand Crowns (at least)
And all for writing but of *Beasts*; which do
Make men no wiser than to know a *Beast*.
But though some moderne VVriters write of Men
And of their better Parts (the Soule and Minde)
Yet of our moderne *Keysars* (now, and then)
They get a Gird (perhaps) or els but Winde:
Belike to saue their *Arte* they guird them so;
And giue no vent, lest it abrode should flow.

Of the vnutterable idlenesse of our She-gallants (vngentle-gentlewomen) of these times. Epigram. 135.

LOrd! how it would a *Cato* vex to heare
The sad'st discourses of some Courtly *Dames*:
As how the *Gowne* doth fit; how stand the *Haires*:
How the *face* shikt: how trickt their outward *frames*.
VVhat *Looks* do most become; what gate is best:
How they should *Sit*, *Lie*, *Rise*; (and these last two
They *Stand* on most) how such & such were dres't:

Wo giues them place, and who do take it too.
What bowings they ſalute with; how they kiſſe,
(Or *Lippe* or *Cheeke*) and who the ſame deſerues:
Who they doe viſit; who their ſeruant is:
Who they leaſt loue; and who then moſt obſerues.
What women ſhould be Coacht, (or Horſt at leaſt)
And who Caroch't with Horſes full of life:
(O wanton *Mares*!) and where they late did feaſt.
Who Gold may wear: who Pearl or Stones leſs rife
Then be there old Crones (mothers of ſuch Maids)
Who tell, how many Sutors they haue had;
How many Guifts; how many louing Ayds:
Who makes them merry, & who makes them ſad.
How faire they were in youth, what they haue *ſeen*,
Heard, *felt*, or (*feelingly*) what vnderſtood?
What Lords once lou'd thē; who they might haue (beene,
Who are of ſullen, who of merry mood.
All this and (O fie, fie!) much more then this,
Theſe, old and young, (no Barrell better hearing)
Still twattle to ſpoyle Tim: (that pretious is)
Whē they do meet; which irks a wiſe mans hearing
And if a ſober young-man lights among them,
His ſtaidnes makes them reele with mirth, as drunk
With girds they wrōg him, ſith he doth not wrong
And, at his chaſt behauiour fleer like Punks. (thē
But a right courtly lad, that will be bold,
And toſſe, & touſe, & wring, & wrong them moſt:
That Reacher onely hath their hearts in hold;
The Sober ſoule they hold a ſimple Ghoſt.
Well Wantons take your time, it wil away:

Laugh

Laugh while yea can, ye ſhall not while yee would,
Make fooles of wiſe men; (fooles ſo euer may)
And ſhew good Carriage in your being bold:
But, when yee haue done all, if I obſerue yee,
To After-times, in Bryne, I will preſerue yee.

Againſt the no leſſe vaine diſcourſes of our as idle He-Gallants. Epigram. 136.

BVt do vaine Women herein onely ſinne?
I would they did for Mens ſakes; but (alas!)
It is too true that Men offend herein
No leſſe than Women: for, each golden *Aſſe*,
Or gaudy *Cocke-combe* whole *Meal*-times engroſe
In talke of Plaies (that's now a Common-place)
And Cenſuring of Plaiers; which is droſſe
Of Wit; and thus they queſtion, too, the Caſe.
What Quarrells (ſtil'd the Byneſſe) now depend?
Anh who about tha ſame haue croſt the Seas?
Who *ſeconds* are, and who beſids intend
The like? and when we ſhall heare more of theſe?
Who muſt call ſuch and ſuch t'accompt? for what?
Nay, that's no matter, ſith there's notice tane
Now of that Biſſneſſe, (ſo, ingag'd by That)
For, ſowre lookes paſt in *Powls* or *Milford*-lane.
Who are behind hand for the Foole or Lye?
Who for a ſmarting *reſt*, or bruizing *knock*?
Who for a Stake miſſ-taken on the *Bye*?
Who for a wry looke, or directer mock?
Who do our London fine-Wiues Husbands *horne*?

What

What *Punks* are extant? where they may be found?
What Feather's best? what Colour most is worne?
What *Gallants* flote? and which are now a Ground?
What Fashion's in request? what Tailors go
Oftest to *France* for new? Who makes a Hose,
Or Doublet best? who steales most stuff? and who
By Taylors *Bills* and filchings most do lose?
Who's most fantastick? and who weares his *Weeds*
After the newest Garbe? what Lords we haue
Like, or vnlike themselues? who are but *Weeds*?
And who but empty heads held high and braue?
Whose Hawk flew best? what houd most glory wo?
What Matches, late, wer bowld by who, & where?
What rule was at the *Race*? what *Race* was run?
Who won or lost at either; here, or there?
How many Train-sents run were in a *Day*? (Bell?
What Lords were at them? whose Horse got the
Who most did brag? and who most Bets did Lay?
Who odds did giue? who giue, and take aswell?
These are the Common-places which they vse
That be our brightest Gallants, in discourse;
And oft among Relate they flying Newes
(How euer false) which is as bad, or worse.
Then, our Sir-gallants, foolish with excesse,
Still come beneath like *Hees* for foolishnesse!

The Miseries of Marriage Epigram. 137.

COntinuall Care; tormenting Iealousie;
Domefflick *Iarres*; vnbraidings with the Dowr
Compa-

Comparisons of eithers liberty;
The doubtfull end of Children; lookes too sow'r;
Wiues Parents powrings; strang heires; death of
Traitor & Theef, in Bozome, house, & Bed; (right;
These miseries on most men married, light;
Yet thinke they liue no life till they are Wed:
Its true indeed, they liue no life till then;
That is; they liue no life of wretch men.

Of Manes *his obsession. Epigram.* 138.

ERe he was married, *Manes* saith he
Was tempted by the Deuill; but, ere since,
The Deuill hath him in safe-Custody
Whose fell tormentings passe his patience:
Then better tempted still, than so to marry;
Yet some had rather damned be than tarry.

On the death of Henry *the fourth French King murdered. Epigram.* 139.

THough Kings are Gods, yet shal they die like men:
(What shalbe shalbe) but, *most christian Kings*
Haue dide like *Beasts*; nay, like *Beasts* most vaclean,
Sought but for slaughter, like pernitious Things!
Two *Henries*, *Kings*, most Christiē Kings of *France*,
(Now drown'd in their own blond) this *truth* de-
And though the last had euen predominance (fend;
Of *Fates* and *Men*, yet both haue wrought his end.
Once dryu'n to *Dieps*, by *Fate* (in deepe distresse)
He was; and thence by *Fate* brought back againe.

Warre

Warre making way) to reigne in quietneſſe:
So, when he fled, his *Fates* bid *Neptune* reigne,
His Flight, that ſo he might both liue and die
In Purple; fatall, to French-*Maieſty*!

Of the force of Beauty, ioyn'd with pompe, and Maieſty. Epi. 140.

Marcus Antonius (as *Plutarch* ſhoes)
Commanding *Cleopatra* to appeare
Before him (ſith ſhe ſuccored his foes)
She came in pompe (as one that had no Peere)
Along the Riuer *Cydnus* in a *Gallion*,
The Poope whereof was all of maſſy Gold;
And vnderneath the like moſt rich Pauillion
She lay her ſelfe, more rich a thouſand fold.
Surrounded with ſweet *Singers*; and, with all,
The heau'nlift *Inſtruments* that *Songs* could grace;
Her Seruants clad in *Robes* maieſticall
Brodred with Pearle, t'wixt richeſt Golden-lace.
Thus came ſhe gliding, on the Siluer Streame,
Forced with ſiluer Oares, and ſilken Sailes;
(Crowned her ſelfe with deereſt *Diadem*)
Towards *Anthony*; with whom ſhe ſo preuailes
That ſhe Captiu'd him, being *Conqueror*;
For, ſhe on *Beauties* Priuiledge did ſtand
(Conſorted with this *Wealth*, *Port*, *Pompe* & *Pow'r*)
That She Commands him, that did her Command.
But though ſhe made this Pagan much tranſgreſſe;
Some Saints in ſhew, do oft much worſe with leſſe!

Againſt

Against Marcus *his insatiableneſſe, and baſeneſſe in his leachery. Epi.* 141.

SO deerely did *Darius* ſtill eſteeme
Of his night-pleaſures, that his Bed was ſpred
Like a Pauillion; ouer which did ſeeme
A Vine to grow, all Gold enamelled!
Which as an *Arbour*, did the Bed inuolue;
The *Grapes* whereof were *Pearl* as big as *Plumbes*;
Whoſe price was more than *Algrim* can reſolue;
His *Pillowes* value worth vnualued *Summes*!
Yet *Marc* had rather lie with's Drab (thogh ſück)
In Straw, than in this State, without his Punck.

Of making Aurum *potabile.*
Epi. 142.

LApis *Phyloſophorum*, nor (as yet)
Quinta-eſſentia could e're well be made:
But *Aurum pot-abile* (being wet)
Many drie Wags do make; and then doth vade;
For, in proiecting Tauernes (night, and day)
Gold oft to liquer runnes, to run away.

Of Florus *his boiſome Tongue.*
Epi. 143.

FLorus, did once affect the name of *Man*;
And then he fought a Virgin-fray; ſince when
He

Hee hath fresh-ayr'd it so, with his Tongues Fan,
That it is now as fresh as it was then.
But since that priuat *fights* so fatall grew,
That one, or both must die, or lye by it;
(As Hell and vengance) he doth such eschue;
And, on his *Manhoods* old-Store, liues by Wit.
But yet his Tongue is potent, full of spight,
That all *Affections* (tame or wild) commands;
And therein now consists his greatest might:
So, hath his Tongue the valour of his Hands:
A good and gratious Tongue hath *Flavus* then,
Sith it will rather *make*, than *marr good-men*.

On the gaging of Fumus *his Iewell by his man.*
Epigram. 144.

FVmus, locks vp his wife, as is the guize
Of the *Italian*; and, doth put a *Lock*
Vpon her *Iewell*; sith he deere doth prize
What, being abused, base doth make his Stock:
But his Mans *Key* still opes it, who can do well;
So, opes the *Lock* to gage his Masters Iewell.

On Light bright Lucilla *her white going.*
Epigram. 145.

LVcilla, lightly all in white doth goe,
To lay her Chastity a whiting so.

Of

Of one ſpeaking ill of me before many.
Epig. 149.

ONe, before many, ſpake but ill of mee.
Yet rather I had one ſpake ill (alone)
Of mee, to many, that indifferent be,
Then many ſo ſhould ſpeake, before but One.

On Fugus *his cooling his flaming fury with diſcretion. Epi.* 150.

THat *Fugus*, in a *Duell*, hotly fought,
Is no great wonder, being ſo well wrought
By his too buſie foe: but, that he flew
(Without wings) from the field, is ſcarſely true:
It was no flight from fighting with his foe;
He did but walke to coole his fury ſo.

That the men of theſe new times, are much wiſer then thoſe of the old.
Epi. 151.

IN old time, men were much leſs wiſe than now;
For, but with good they then could hinder ill:
But now, men (wiſer growne) doe well know how
To let one Miſchiefe with another ſtill.

From

From more great, than good men, good Lord deliuer me. Epigram. 152.

OF our *great-men* Ile ſpeake nor good nor bad,
For, ſpeak I good, thats' more than wel I know
If ill I ſpeake; perchange I may be made
To rue it; Then, go by *Ieronimo*.

How Fortune fauourd ill fauour'd Marcus, *Epigram.* 153.

AS *Marc* beneath his Maieſties Window paſt,
She ſpitting out, by chance, it trickt him trym:
When, had ſhe ſeen his lookes, ſhe would haue caſt
They were ſo foule: ſo, *Fortune fauour'd* him!

Dicers are worſe than Vſerers: and why. Epigram. 154.

Dicers are worſe than *Vſerers*: for, theſe
But *ten* get with an *hundred*: *Dicers* caſt
An *hundred* in with *ten*: But ſome do leeſe
Thouſands to *One*: whoſe *Bones* make *Dice* at laſt!

Where Rollus *his late rich widow (now his proud wife) eares grew. Epigram*, 155.

ROllus a Widow woo'd; but, t'would not be;
She ſtill held out, to keepe him lowly in:

Then

Then downe at laſt he fell vpon his knee
For grace vniting, which he (ſo) did win:
So then, he well perceau'd, (which *now* he feeles)
His haughty Widdowes *Eares* were at her *Heeles!*

Beares baited looſe is, the worſt of looſe ſports: and why. Epigram.

I Like not (of looſe ſports) *Beare baitings* play;
Sith *Beares*, broke looſe, teach men to run away.

On Parnus, *Borrowing and Paying. Epigram.*

P*Arnus* (in debt) workes out the Saboth day:
So owes, and borrowes of the Lord, to pay.

On much-promiſing hopefull (yet vnhelpfull Lords, Epigram.

L*Ords*, promiſe ſoone; but, to performe, ate long;
Then, would their Purſe-ſtringes tyd were to their Tongue.

On Coſmus *great want in great wealth and waſting in ſparing. Epigram.*

THere needs no *Ceſterne* where a Fountaine is;
Yet *Coſmus* hoords vp wealth, although hee knows
No end therof: ſo much the worſe for this:
For, though his Fount, & Ceſterne ſtill or'eflowes,
Nought runs to waſt: yet all he waſts, with ſcath,
That he pounds vp, who wanteth what he hath!

Iests, and iibing Answeares.
Epigram. 97.

A Mastiffe, in a Frosty morn did, run
At witty game some *Gallus*; but he bowd
Some stones to take, but (frozen) tooke vp none:
Then (being Croft) thus *Gallus* curst alow'd;
Pox on't (quoth he) while that dog tare his hose,
Where *Stones* are tyde, and Ban-dogs be so loose.

Of one that refused to lend friend 20. nobles, when he sent to him for it, with, and without a sure Token. Epigam. 157.

A Gamster borrow'd fiue pound of a Friend;
which lost, he sent to him for fiue pound more
By'th' Token he fiue pounds before did lend:
But he refused vtterly; and swore
That not a Mite, of him should more begotten
Vntill he truely had receau'd that *Token*.

Of a Crook-back that desir'd an vpright Iudge to right his wrong. Epi. 158.

A Crook-back praid a Iudge to right his wrong
Whereto the Iudge replid, I wou'd I could:
But (O!) you haue been wrong your selfe so long,
That now I cannot right you, though I would.

Of

Of Luce, *and her Lenity. Epigram.* 159.

OF faire light *Luce*, a *Thing* was sought, by one:
But she withstood him; and, withall, she said,
Had she a hundred *Things*: she should haue none.
But I haue known (quoth he) since you were *Maid*
When hauing but one onely *Thing* in *store*,
You let an *hundred* vse the same and more.

Of a Single eyd Fencer his blind match. Epigram. 160.

A *Fencer*, with one Eye, desir'd to play
For th'other: which another would not do;
(As he had reason:) for, though it were day,
He could not take, and see to play well too.

Of Tullus *his disproning a Tailors Will. Epigram.* 161.

BRaue *Tullus* made a Suite of trym Attire;
For which his Tailor brought him in his Bill
Who therein so did Crosse his due desire,
That he did quite disproue the Taylors Will:
Who, in a fume, thus said, *he neuer knew*
Any braue Gentile deale so like a Iew!

Of Drusus *his guift in reuersion take too soone in possession. Epigram.* 162.

WHen I leaue off this Suite which now I weare,
(quoth *Drusus* to his Man) Ile giue it thee:

But when, at night, he vncasd him (without feare,
Of his Sutes losse) his man, that promis'd Fee,
Soone seis'd vpon; and, wore the same: but, lo,
His Master chast he was so sawcy growne;
And ask'd him, what he m ant to serue him so?
Why Sir (quoth he) I do but weare mine owne:
For, when you left them off, you promis'd me
They should be mine: and so they are you see.

Of the Sacrifice of Lent. Epi. 163.

A Country-parrish (Westward-ho) call'd *Lent*;
By chance was set on fire, and burnd amayne;
One askd the name thereof, as by he went;
T'was told him *Lent*: who streight replide againe,
Fridaies and *Saturdaies* (that make vs wither)
Pray'ye put in too, and burne them altogether.

Against fighting in fashion. Epi. 164.

IF thou wouldst fight in fash'on, now, thou must
Scorne all defence as *Valor* onely shame;
And come vp close, that *Brest* to *Best* may iust,
Vpon no guards, but at the Heart to ame.
This is the fashon'd fight this *Time* affords,
For (*Switzer*-like) we fight for (cenelesse) spoile:
Then all as good to fight with *Knives* as *Swords*,
Sith all *Defence* doth but our *honor* foile!
Then *Fencers*, wherto serues your fencing-skill
Which you *stile Noble science*? you (I thinke)

Should

Should, to the Parliament preſer a Bill
T repeale this Act of Cuſtome, leaſt it ſinck:
For, *Cuſtome*, and the *Deuill*, do men perſwade
To damne theſelues, by fight, to ſpoile your trade.

Of miſ-reading the lines of Cruſtus *his face.*
Epigram. 165.

Cruſtus, the Roarer, getting in his face
A ſlaſh of late, an old friend did embrace
That knew him not till he himſelfe bewraide,
Which don; his gameſome friend to him thus ſaid;
„ Pardon me, Sir, your faces Lines, by ſpight,
„ So blotted be, I could not read them right.

In Medio *conſiſtit Vertus.*
Epigram. 166.

A Gallant, Courting of a gameſome Maide,
Said; *Sweete, Oh let me kiſſe your Hands and*
In ſigne of humbleſt loue! *Good Sir* (ſhe ſaid) (*Feet*
Both thoſe for your ſweet Lips are moſt vnmeete;
„ *But Vertue's in the midd ſt; than*, (Vertue) *there,*
If you will kiſſe, you may: if not, forbeare!

Epigram. 167.

M*Adge* once ſet *Hodge* to watch when *Pud-*(*dinge* plaid)
That on the fire were ſeething in a Pan:

Boy, play they now (quoth she?) not yet (he said)
At last they, boyling, brake, and all-out ran.
Lad, play they yet (qd she,) quoth he yong (Goose)
They now play all (like *Gipsies*) wast and loose.
So, chast, why chaf'st qd she? why, quoth the Elfe?
To see a Pudding creepe out of himselfe.

Of a Maids light hearing.
Epi. 168.

I Haue heard of you, *Claius*, said a *Maide*;
O, but (quoth he) recant what you haue saide,
Least you be sheent: for, if you heard of me
T'was in a Bawdy-house, where euer be
Those I conuerse with: then if there you heare
Of me, or of mine Actions, it is cleare
You are too blame to hearken for me, so, (go.
Wher *Maids* ne're come, but Whoores away they

Of Caprus *his going a Procession.*
Epi. 196.

C*Aprus* to pay his wife, in her owne Coyne,
Procession went, to finde a Punke, he got;
Then pay'd his Vowes, and Offrings; so, did ioyne,
But though she were as cold as he was hot;
Yet, in pure zeale, she sacrifis'd the Oxe
In *Venus* seruice, with her *Tinder-box*.

Of

Of Quacus, *his cooling his heate with Whey.*
Epigram. 170.

QVacus, drinks nought but *whay*, himselfe to (coole,
Yet loues a Drab as nought by *Wine*, he drunk
So, with his Bable, still he plaies the Foole,
To make his wife, to weepe, to laugh, his Puncke:
But, were I her; I would not foole it too,
To weepe, but laugh; yet, for him, euer *Doo*.

Epigram. 177.

A Wife, whose Husband lay a Bed diseas'd,
Went with his Water (scarse conceal'd from (view)
To seeke for help, or how he might be eas'd,
And meeting with another wife she knew,
Who with her there did then expostulate,
About what then she bare, and how she far'd:
Who told her straight, it was her Husbands State;
And went for help for paine about his *Yard*:
Hath he a *Yard* (quoth she:) and *Cupids* Martir?
O! you are blest: would mine had but a Quarter!
But, she should haue a *Yard* her Back to mete,
For playing so, her Quarters in the Street.

Of Rampa, *and her fowle trading at the Faire.*
Epigram. 172.

RAmpa, the Sempster goes to Faires a pace
To sell her ware; and, so, to mend her Case:

But, there her caſe is mar'd; for on each pack,
Shee, packing looſly, proues a naughty-pack.
The while, at home, her husband keeps the ſhop;
And of that Faire ſowne ſeed ſtill reapes the Crop.

Of mine Ouerſeer. Epi. 173.

MY o'rethwart neighbor though, for debt, by (night
He ſcarſe dares ſhew his ſcalp; yet builds ſo
(With quarter ſtaues) as he orelooks me quite; (hie
So, hee's mine Ouer-ſeer ere I dye.
Then ſhall my *Will*, to *Ill*, ſtill foreward run;
For, he hath hornes, of powr to ſee that done.

Of Homouthius *his chaſt adultery.*
Epi. 174.

HO*mouthius* hath an Oare in each mans boat;
So, ſinks his *ſtate* & *fame* that els might float.
Thus commits Folly and Adultery too,
That hath to-doe, with that h'as nought to-do.

Of Hornſbie's *Incredulity. Epi.* 175.

TEll *Hornſby* (that doth keep a Tabling-houſe)
His Wife too faſt doth bear men in his Tables
Heele not beleeue the ſame for twenty Nobles;
No, though he ſee't, yet dumb is as a Lowſe:
For, ſhould he ſpeak his liuing quite would faile,
Sith all he hath he holds but by the Tayle.

Againſt

Against the faith, hope, and charity, of our young Maister Hal. *Epi.* 176.

YOung *Hal* is wanton, with expectance ſtill,
And, longs to haue his Sire curb'd of his will
By vnexpected death; that, ſo, he might
Be Heyre of all; and be an arrant Knight:
And ſo he may; for, of him proofe I haue,
He may bee errant Knight, or arrant Knaue.

To mine ingenious friend M. Iohn Dumbarre. *Epig.* 177.

FOwre for her foure Lines I bequeath her;
Vp *Pernaſſus* often breath her:
So, thy Muſe, in latine-Ditty,
Shall ſing long, low'd, ſhort, and witty.

Of Nais *her keeping an Ordinary and her being ordinary. Epi.* 178.

N*Ais* keepes and Ordinary, and entertaines
(like *Venice*) all Gods good, or *Dimells Ills*:
Proteſtants, *Papiſts*, *Brounniſts*, *Puritanes*,
Hand ouer Hip-well ſhee their Bellies fill:
As ſome doe hers; yea, in her husbands ſight;
So, with his leaue, ſhee dubs him *Vulcans* Knight.

Againſt

Againe. Epi. 179.

NAis ſtill doth vaunt ſhe is a Gentle-wo-man;
It's true; for, ſhee in loue refuſeth no man:
Then, why do I ſo much miſname her, *Nais*,
That is to men ſo ſparing of her Nayes?

Againe, for a parting blow. Epi. 180.

NAies keeps a houſe of carding, but, nere ſpins,
(Yet, often relies) vnleſſe it be the webbs
Of others woes: She, (lately lowe) begins
To riſe apace: ſo, *Floods* do follow *Ebbs*:
She needs not, now, to ply Wheels Reels, or Rocks
Her Gueſts and Gameſters do ſo ply her Box.

Of Pagus *the Pedagogus proud all-tong'd-Daughter. Epi.* 181.

PAgus, the Pedant, learns his daughter *Greeke*,
Hebrue, and *Latine*: nor is ſhe to ſeeke
In *Spaniſh*, *French*, and the *Italian*,
Dutch, *Daniſh*, *Sprute*, and the *Slauonian*:
Yea, Verſes makes in all theſe. Wondrous thing!
That any man a maid ſo vp ſhould bring,
While he commits Idolatry with her, (beare,
Which makes her ſcorne her mother her ſhould
Or he beget her (proud foole!) yet, I ſay,
When Sires doe play the Puppies, Puppies may.

Againe

Againe of his vncharitable prayer.
Epi. 182.

WHen *Pagus* Pupills play the wags, hee bringes
Them in his prayer, which he, ſaying, ſings:
So for their pennance, plagues them in pure prayer
As if a murraine yet, were in that Ayre:
For, all his houſhold, ſo, doe know their crimes;
For which Clock like he ſtrikes, and after chimes:
Then praying thus without pure charity,
His prayer turnes to pure iniquity.

Of Roring Neds *endleſſe Ende.*
Epig. 193.

THe wiſe-man *Pogg*, ſhewes needy roring *Ned*
(Who often blood hath brocht, & often bled)
His endleſſe ende: which (well) he cannot chooſe;
For all may ſee 'twill be an endleſſe Nooſe.

A hard choyce. *Epi.* 184.

I Faine would marry; but, more faine liue ſole,
Though without wife, I am but halfe my whole:
For, man and wife one body make; and ſome
By marrying, marre two Bodies. I am dumbe,
Or, know not what to ſay: For, this *good-naught*
Makes me a fickle *Sheptick* in my thought:

Yet

Yet, when I meane to wed, Ile leaue their Schoole,
And, to be held more wise, play more the foole.

Of a Curat's hauing two wiues at once giuen him in marriage. Epi. 185.

A *Parson*, that one only Daughter had
Match'd her vnto a *Curat*; but was glad
To giue, for lack of *Portion* to lay downe;
A *Benefice*, he held beside his owne.
But, in this Guift, he gaue his so made *Sonne*,
Two Wiues at once, whereof this Guift was one:
For, Papall Constitutions are of force,
In this glad Match to make a sad diuorce.
With which two wiues he liues, with much ado;
The *Tithe* of one being *Dowry* to the two.

Of rich Rooke *his kitchen-physick against* Vertigo. *Epi.* 186.

RIch *Rooke* eates bitter *Almonds*, as a Trick
To keepe downe Fumes, e're to the wine he's
And, so, he drinks til he with healths, be sick; (wēds
So, bitter *Meanes* haue thus, more bitter *Ends*:
But if this bitternesse had turn'd to hony
He would haue sunck the World with Meath for
(money.

Of

Of Flauias *painting; and playing the Squirell.*
Epigram. 187.

FLauia is faire; yet paints her ſelfe: oh ſtrange,
That true, to feined Beauty ſo ſhould change!
She brauely goes; and yet her Caſe is thought
Bare, as her *Pin-caſe*, worne, with Pins, to nought:
For, ſhe for Coyne (Like *Venice*) takes all *Nations*
To exerciſe, in her, their Occupations;
While ſhe goes (like a *Counteſſe*) in her Vaile;
So, (*Squirrell*-like) ſhe's couer'd with her Taile.

Againſt Kit's *weake wooing of* Kate.
Epigram. 188.

KIt, art a Man? yet, get *Kate* canſt thou not?
Oh ſhame! fith with a *Child* ſhe late was got.

Of Fuluias *recreation, and occupation.*
Epigram. 189.

FVluia, for recreation (as ſhe ſweares)
Danceth each day, as ſhe were made therefore;
The while her Dancing-Mate ſo charms her eares
That ſoone ſhe is bewitch't to play the whore:
So ſhe (good howſ-wife) turnes her Recreation
(Which takes vp all her Time) t'an Occupation.

On

Of Phraxus *his euer-secret passions.*
Epigram. 190.

BVt of his secret Passiõs *Phraxus* speakes (mocks
To his deere Mistresse, while his griefe she
Sith probably she weenes (sith so he breaks)
His greatest secret Passion is the Pox.

Of Barbus *his triall of a foolish conclusion.*
Epigram. 191.

B*Arbus*, by night, once reading in a Booke
That broad Beards argu'd folly; tooke a
And *Light*, with all, vpon his own to looke; (*Glasse*
Who burnt it, when he saw how broad it was:
Then, in the margent, for this earnest iest,
He verily may write *Probatum est.*

Of the goodnesse and necessity of Phisitions.
Epigram. 192.

SOme hold *Phisitions* well may spared be
In eu'ry *State* where men, in order, liue;
VVith whose opinion I can ne're agree;
And I haue reason too; which thus I giue;
If they were spar'd, then Men would (like a flood)
Ouerwhelm the VVorld; Phisitions then are good.

Of

Of their Deerenesse.
Epi. 193.

LIke *Hankes*, Phisitions euer are esteem'd;
Which as they kill *Thrush*, *Partridge*, *Duck*, or
Are priz'd thereafter: so, is euer deem'd (*Crane*
Phisitions skill by those they kill, or bane.
If but poore *Clownes* or *Trades-men* they destroy,
Th' are held of small account: if Lords, or Earles,
Then more much, more: but if they skill employ
To kill a *Prince*, th'are held as deere as *Peales*:
Then all *Phisitions*, that would faine be deere,
Employ their skill (at least) to kill a *Peere*.

On trauersing the error of an Action.
Epigram. 194.

ONe Lawier once an others wife did woo
That she with him would enter action too:
The issue ioyn'd, the husband wrong'd so,
(Seeing th' intruder quite his wife orethro)
He right well swing'd them both for that com-
So, Canuased the error of their *Action*. (paction:

Of Poggius *his poore successe in Palmistry and wooing*
Epigram. 195.

POggius (whose skill in Palmistrie is poore)
Tooke vp his Mistris hand, therein to pry;
Then

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Tooke vp his Mistris hand, therein to pry;
Then

Then ſaid (and therewithall he ſighed ſore)
Sweet, all my fortunes in your hand doth lye:
Then ſafe Ile keep them for, and from you too,
Quoth, ſhe againe; ſo, he for nought doth woo.

Of true Loue. Epi. 196.

TRue Loue's in talke, and in ſociety;
The reſt, can Aſſes do aſwell as wee.

Againſt the corrupt iudgement of Bullus *in choiſe, of his Wife.*

Bullus hath choſe his wife but with his Eyes;
And left his *Eares*, leſt they ſhould them con-
So ſhe plaid faire in ſight the; now, ſhe cries (troule,
His choyce, before his *Chooſers*, playes him foule:
If foule ſhe play, and he doth ſee the ſame,
His Eyes, and not his Eares, are ſtill too blame.

Of the Baſtard Fluctus *his being vndone by his Drab. Epi.* 197.

F*Luctus* his doing *Drab* did him vndoe:
And ſo a *Drab* hath made and mar'd him too.

Of roring Robulus *his bloudleſſe combats. Epi.* 198.

SOme men fights brauely without brauing word
But roring *Robulus* ne're fighteth ſo;

Who

Who euer braules; but, neuer drawes his Sword;
Or, if he do, puts vp without a Blow:
Yet, he being round with all, (not round to ſmite)
Ciphers their *Number* that will roundly fight.

Of Rufus *his giuing the lie, without a Stabbe.*
Epigram. 199.

RVde *Rufus* to his Miſtris gaue the lie;
For which ſhe did proteſt *Reuenge*, with ſpeed:
But She no reaſon hath for that; for why?
When women lie, they ſtand men moſt in ſteed.

Ioan's *as good as my Lady. Epi.* 200.

I*Oane* in the Darke's as good as my Ladie;
But I know a *Ioane* farre better in Light:
Yet Ile not deny but my Lady may bee
As luſty (at leaſt) as *Ioane* in the night.

Of Gnuffus *his miſ-matching his matchleſſe faire Daughter. Epiram.* 200.

THe *Grazier Gnuffus* match'd his daughter late
To no great rich, though ancient, gentleman
The good old man (according to his State)
Lones-duties paies her, yearely (as he can)
But ſith She ſpends ſo faſt, ſhe pines (I feare)
For want of Commings in her Charge to beare.

Againſt a fooliſh Prattler. Epi. 202.

THy *Tong's* ſo looſe and light, what eu'n thy (breath
Makes it ſo wagge as it were ſtill doth ſtand:
Whoſe fuſtian Strains work *Apprehenſions* Death:
For, neither ſad, nor mad them vnderſtand.

Of our Engliſh Gallants going in blacke in Lent. 203.

OVr *Gallants* euery Lent go al in black (ſence
As if with time they mourn'd for their of-
But their life ſhewes it's but to hide the knack
Of *ſubtill lightneſſe* clokt with *grauepretence*:
Then, were it but for that, they black ſhould weare
Sith they are not ſo good as they appeare.

Of Poets beeing deſtilled. Epig. 204.

SOme Lands there are where men are without (heads:
Some, all hermaphrodits; ſome where the ſeeds
Of men are black as Inke: Some, where they hie
Without feet: Some, where they haue but one Eye
Plac'd in their forehead, hauing heads like dogs:
Some, where they are halfe fiſh; & liue (like frogs.)
In, or about the Waters: Some, where they
Haue brows ſo hard that no ſteel pierce them may.
Some wher mẽ chãge to wolues & beaſts more vile
And they'reſume their ſhape they had ere while.

Some

Some, where they mouthlesse are, and liue by smel:
Some, wher their length lacks halfe of halfe an Ell:
Some, where they *Giants* be: Some, where they are
Foure footed, hayrie, and like *Beasts* do fare.
Some, where they haue a Foote of such extent
That from the *Sunne* it shrouds them like a *Tent*:
But *Time* nor *Place* such men could euer show,
That liue quite hartlesse as most *Poets* now.

Of Womens Metamorphosis according to time and place. Epigram. 205.

SOme Women are in Churches Saints, or more;
Angells abroad; at home too like the *Diuell*:
At *Windowes*, *Syrens*: *Parrots*, at the *Dore*:
And in their *Gardens Goats*, or more vnciuill:
Yet tradesmen that nere match til they haue much,
In deadly danger are to meet with such.

Tis merry, when knaues meet. Epi. 206.

COnceipted youths, when they at wine are met
Mong other matters lightly they inquire
What well pend Pamphlet lately out is set?
What merry *Epigrams* or sowre *Satires*?
Then fall they to repeat some fugred *Lines*
Of this or that mans: When some lustfull *Gull*,
Comes in with *Nashes* choosing *Valentines*;
To wit, his *Dildo* knowne to euery Trull.
I come (saith he) sweet *Lemon* by thy leaue;

(O good, ifaith, (ſaith one) then on hee goes)
Softly my fingers vp their Curtaines heaues:
And there *Gomorrahs* filth (at full) he ſhowes.
All that can ſay this as their *Pater noſter*
Haue ſeene the Lions, ſweet well ſeaſoned youths
About the *Muſes* Minions ſtill they muſter
To get ſome ſwelling lines to fill their mouthes:
But for their owne *Muſe* it doth euer ſing,
Rime without *Reaſon* a common Engliſh thing.

Againſt Balladders. Epi. 207.

Cherillus, that: of many verſes, made
Seauen only good: for which his poeſie
He had ſeauen gobbes of Gold; and for the bad,
He had a buffet on the *Viſnomy*:
If *Balladers*, that but defloure the *Muſe*,
Were ſo rewarded for their verſifiing.
It would (like *Pan*) appeare vpon their *Browes*,
Sith out of tune they doe ſo often ſing:
For if ſeauen lines they chance to draw aright,
They millioſ make that would make *Patience* ſmite.

None can be ſad and glad at once; if it be not in contrition. Epi. 126.

Stella, the *Padua* Poet, pleaſant was;
Pox on't, how Puppie-like, with *P.* I play:
Aſſe for example: fye, away with *Aſſe*,
Aſſe, cannot ſet a *Sample* (I dare ſay)

He

He writes ſo ill: and ſo thoſe *Poets* doe
That will at once write light and heauy too,
For, at one time whoſe Muſe is light and ſad,
I muſe not though his *Muſe* doth write as mad.

Of and againſt the word creepe.
Epig. 209.

Creepe, is a Metaphor that's euer vs'd
In controuerted queſtions of our faith;
Wherein the word (orevs'd) is much abusd;
For, this *Schiſme* then crept in, th'opponent faith.
Though *Creepe* bee moſt ſignificant to ſhow
How *Errors* came in ſlowly, more and more;
Yet ſo to ſpur-gall *Creepe* to make it goe
ſtill on that errand, ſhewes our *Tongs* too poore,
Or *Wit's* too bare: But now ſuch queſtions deepe,
Do run abroad too faſt they doe not creepe.

Of the power and price of gold.
Epi. 110.

O Gold (the Darling of this later Seaſon,
Sole *Load-ſtarre* to all hearts, *Star* to all eyes
That canſt doe all without or *Rime* or *Reaſon*)
How bleſt are they that moſt doe thee ſurpriſe?
By thee the iealous huſband is appeaſed;
The deſperate *Rinall* is well pacifide:
By thee, the watchful'ſt Keepers ſoone are ſeisd;
By thee, th'vniuſteſt wrongs are iuſtifide:

By thee, the *Veſtall*, true *Wife*, *Widdow*, *Trull*
Are bought and ſold: the nobleſt Lady too,
Will wiue a *Mony-Bag*, if huge, and full, (do.
Who know their ſeruice, then, poore Knights will
By thee each Lock is pick't, each Gate flies ope;
Nay more; thy *crowns* can mightieſt kings vncrown
By thee, all things beneath the heau'nly *Coape*
In *Natures* pow'r, are rail'd, or ouerthrowne:
Nay more, the very Lord of all this *All*
(Who can no more beguile, than be beguil'd)
Was ſold for money; and a ſum but ſmall;
So, thou art *Dominus fac totum* Stilde:
Yet run'ſt from me in *Earneſt*, and in *Game*,
Though oft I write with thee, to ſpread thy fame!

Againe of the ſame. Epi. 211.

THe great'ſt are caught with Gold: for, giue me (it,
Ile, make the Great'ſt my friēd with little wit:
But once if Gold and I at variance be,
The Great will ſcorne; the Small, abandon me
Though Wit and Grace I had: for, V Wit, & Grace
Are precious made with Gold: els both are baſe!

Againſt Flumus *his fooliſh pride.* 212.

Flumus is high, yet higher is his Heart: (more;
Land, *Place* and *Coyne* he hath; yet hath he
More *Lands* than Wit; more *Coyne* and *Plate*, than
And yet the *Arts* (he ſweares) he doth adore: (*Art*:
Hard,

Hard-hearted *Arts*, that for his kind good will,
Permit baſe folly his high Heart to fill.

Of my incountring a War-taile, while I held my tongue. Epram. 213.

VVHy flieſt thou *Muſe*, at *Fame*, that flies (from thee?
Or ſeek'ſt to retrine that thou canſt not
Spare, ſpare thy *Paines*, & after *Angels* flee, (truſſe?
That make their Takers *Great*, as *Glorious*!
As at a *Stationr's* Shop I ſtood, at gaze,
There chanſt to light a *Wag-taile* (light as fine)
And ask'd for *Epigrams* in Caged Phraze: (mine.
VVherewith the *Shop-man* foorth-with ſhew'd her
VVhat he (quoth She?) thē pull'd her mouth aſcue)
Alaſſe (good man) is this his Poetrie?
Yea (ſaid my friend) thē from her them ſhe threw,
As if ſhe felt them touch her honeſty.
Still ſaying, He? yea, (ſaid the ſeller) ſhe;
And good they be, or elſe good VVits miſtake
That hold them ſuch; So let them be (quoth ſhe)
And, therewith all, another mouth did make.
Thus by a mouth ſo wreſted quite awry,
Had I like ſentence: meane while mute I ſtood
(Poore Innocent) and durſt not aſke her why
She ſo did ſleight them that were held ſo good:
For, they are ſtill defi'd ther Pitch do touch;
So, I forbare to touch this Sleby Thing, (grutch;
Although She made mee ſwell, and grieue, and
Vowing this bitter wayward VVaſpe t'vnſting:

But tis not possible I should preuaile;
For, spight of me sheele haue it in her tayle.

My Corollary.

But yet her pride, expreſt with such disdaine,
Humbled me much, that lookt for much applause:
That *Puttocke* made me *Peacocke* vaile my *Traine*;
And thought her sent of purpose for that cause:
Thus waxt my mind more sweet b'her bitter doom
And so, sometimes the bad do better some!

Of roring boyes Resolutions. Epi. 214.

THe roring Boyes exclaime against their *Peter*,
And say, he dide not as he liud a space:
Who melted at his death like *Sheltons* Meeter
That's harsh; but yet inclinde t'a little grace:
But he that holds it out, when he is in
(In Newgate) till they be at Tiburne trust,
Like a true Diuell: (whose grace is all in Sin)
This man, in their accompt, is onely iust:
But, if at last to grace he once but yeeld,
Hee's like a Boy, and dide but like a Child.

Against carnall desire. Epigram. 215.

ODamd *Desire*, what spirit hath thee inspir'd,
That (like the *Moone*) dost waxe and wane in
Affliction's water cānot quench thee, fir'd: (change
Nor loathd *Disease* estrange thee from the strange
Thy pleasure's but a moment (if it bee

A pleasure which so soone to *Paine* doth turne.)
And thought it wasts the Marrow feeding thee,
Yet stil thou burn'st while thou hast ought to burn
Thine heate is hatefull (fallly called loue)
Made by the motion of the fowlest *Mynd*:
For when thou dost thy sweetest pleasures prowe,
They cloy, but not content thee: so, behind
Thy pleasure rests: which thou (tir'de) canst not tryz
So, thou art made but weake, not holpe thereby.

Against Chione *her feeding on fat Woodcocks.*
Epigram. 116.

O *Chione* thine *Eyes* all *Eyes* do feast,
Thy Lake-laid *Cheekes* excel the reddest *Rose*;
Thine *Ivory* Front, and *Alabaster* Brest
Do men entice, as Cation ticeth Crowes:
I see great men thou drawst; and smile to see
How thou dost plume on them, and they on thee.

Against Aglaope, *her sweete voice, and sow'r vice.*
Epigram. 154.

A *Glaope*, (that courted is of States,
Whose *Angells* voyce the *Angells* imitates)
Still lullabies all mortall Cares asleepe,
Such due proportion still her voice doth keepe:
But yet her voice (as voice of People goes)
Doth nought but (*Siren*-like) worke people woes.

Of

Of Phagus *his being a Papist inward.*
Epigram. 218

PHagus his Paunch is grown beneath his knees,
So many fat Recusants he devours;
But does it but for good, the World well sees:
That's for good Cheare, as long as life endures:
Than sith he feeds on sheepe Catholicall!
His Guts (at least) are most papisticall.

In defence of Womens well clothing and dressing themselues.
Epigram. 219.

GAmphalantes, (that naked *Lybians* are)
Liue peaceably (poore Soules) sith bare they
Adam and *Eue* the while they naked were, (be:
They liu'd (good Soules) in great tranquillity!
And yet while men are bare, they liue in peace,
As hauing nought wherewith to vex each other:
But women being bare, men would oppresse
And so insult vpon them altogether:
That makes all women couet still good Clothing,
Least men should fall to *Lusting* or to *Loathing*.

Of

Of Knights of famous memory.
Epigram. 220.

OF *Cirus* thus the Hiſtories report
He knew his Soldiers names by memory.
Although they were(almoſt)a countleſſe ſort,
Yet he by name knew all that Company!
T'was ſtrang (wer't done by *Nature* or by *Art.*)
But ſome Knights of my knowledge can do this;
Let any Pezant dwelling in that Part,
At New-yeares-tyde,but of a Preſent miſſe
Their'l know him after twenty yeares (perhaps)
(O memory of rare continuance!)
Poore Pezant be thou ware of *After-claps*:
For,thou art well remembred with a vengance:
Such Art of *memory* ſuch *Land-Lords* vſe,
As *Capon*-cram their kitchins with their *Muſe.*

Againſt telling of incredible Truths.
Epigram. 221.

SOoth-ſayer *Accius*, in *Tarquius* ſight,they ſay,
Did with a Razor forthwith cut in two
A Whet-ſtone; which I thinke (as well I may)
Is wondrous hard for men of God to doe:
And if a man ſomewhere ſhould this maintaine
He ſure ſhould haue the Whet-ſtone for his paine.
Then better leaue(ſometimes)ſome Truths vntold
Leaſt ſome men ſhould true men for lyers hold.

Againſt

Against Canizius *his witty familiarity.*
Epigram. 222.

Canizius hath a fine face't conceipt;
A pleasant Wit, but most vnprofitable:
To Cheate by Rules of Arte he hath the sleight;
And therewithall he is most affable;
For in an Howre, aswell as in an Age,
Familiar growes, and shewes his Consenage!

Of Aristotles *faith concerning womens flesh.*
Epigam. 223.

Aristotle, (who had no common VVit)
Thought commō women should haue adoratiō:
For, he t'his *Hermia* performed it;
Yea, sacrifiz'd to her with veneration:
If all his Doctrines were like this, I knew,
His true disciples would not be so few.

Of Dawlus *his finding of a light Iewell in the Darke*
Epigram. 224.

Dawlus, vpon his Way, late, in the Darke,
A *Iewell* foūd, which eu'ry man Might weare.
T'was full of *Spirit*; may more a firy Sparke,
That flood, t'enflame *Desire* of Vseing, There:
It was a precious *Punck*, yet seem'd too cheape,
But found too deere: for, while he Cultur'd her

And

And therein ſowing. She his Purſe did reape
Growne to the full'ſt; and Inn'd it other where.
And ſo, at once his *Crime* and *Croſſe* he bore
For Cloſing in a *Common* to the poore:
Nay, ſure, his *Croſſes* She did all ingroſſe;
For, for his paines, She left him ne're a *Croſſe*!

Of the beſt Playmakers deere-bought praiſe.
Epigram. 225.

PLay-*wrights* your Trade is tickle, full of toile;
For, you are beũd to pleaſe the thwarteſt Minds
Who (like croſ-ſeas, that rough Winds ſtil turmoile)
Toſſe vp & down your praiſe, with various Winds!
It's eaſie to cry *Hoſſe*; but, tis not ſo
To ſilence it, and Claps of hands to raiſe:
Not as a brawling Dogs, where both VVe do;
But into Claps, that Clap vp all with praiſe. (*paines*
Thoſe whom yee trade with, weigh your *skill* and
By their owne *gaines*; &, though al three be great,
They weigh not you according to their *Gaines*;
But by your Skils, that *Fame* and *Famine* get:
Then of all *Glory*, purchaſ'd by the ſmall,
A *Play-wright*, for his *Praiſe*, payes moſt of all!

Againſt Iuſtice Boniface *his iniuſtice.*
Epigram. 226.

THough *Iuſtice Boni-face* do lack much law,
Yet lacks no lawleſſe skil huge Bribes to draw
So,

So, sells he *Iustice* for a currant Fee,
That all may *Iustice* currant from him see:
If all his *Iustice* currant be, like this;
He may passe currant where nought currant is.

Against the maner of our moderne Duells.
Epigram. 227.

STay Gallants; run not on, with wrong too rise:
Away with this damn'd Custome which ye vse:
Ist not inough to venture *Saule* and *Life*
On *Valors* tearmes, and no man to refuse?
But must I come vp too, vpon no *Guards*,
That *Bulke* to *Bulke* may iustle; (hit, or misse;)
And they expos'd to scorne, that scorne not Wards;
Are we turn'd Beasts to thinke vs Men for this?
Sir, do your worst; here stand I That to dare,
If I defendant bee: If Challenger;
Haue at yee, with braue courage; yet with Care
Of being Foild, that here but once can erre:
If this no Manhood be, thus well to passe,
I hold the braueſt Man, the plaineſt Asse.

Of my Foes and their dwelling.
Epigram. 228.

MOst of my *Foes* dwell (o) in *Ierusalem*; (them.
Thē, most are *Turks*, few Christians are with

(o) *At the signe of* Ierusalem *betweene Strawberry Bancke, and Prim-rose hill.*

Of

Of a letter in fauour, that prou'd an hinderer in fact. Epigram. 229.

P*Aulinus*, prai'd a friend, of noble Bloud,
To write his Letter for a *Benifice*
Vnto a *Bishop* for *Paulinus* good,
VVhich he did to *Paulinus* preiudice:
For, he writ coldly: so, the Letter prou'd
A letter of the suite the Letter mou'd.

On Glaius *and bright Mistrisse Grace a Light-one, that lightened a worke of Darknesse. Epigram. 230.*

G*Race* in the Darke, stood full in *Glaius* way,
Whose *brau'ry* (like the *sũ*) turn'd *night* to *day*
She would not moue althogh she mou'd him much
Nor speake; although he did her homely touch;
Yea toucht her to the quick in Sinfull Case:
So, *Glaius* quickly deadly sin'd with *Grace*.

Of Signior Shancus *his feeding vpon Weedes turn'd into good Meate. Epig. 231.*

SPruce Signior *Shancus* hath good *Clothes*, and (*Victle*
Escheated to him oft, (great *Lord* of *Little*)
Yet oft, in *sommer*, pawns his *winter-weeds*; (breeds:
And them redeemes with those which *Sommer*
So, makes *great* shift with *smal*; great cause (I think)

His

His Clothes muſt yeeld him *coyne*, & *meate*, & *drink*:
For, if, with *Coyne* he ſhould redeeme his *Clothing*,
He ſhould be *Somthing* that ſhuld feed on *nothing*.
So, *Still ſhould cry any food any feeding &c.*

On a worke of Supererogation.
Epigram. 231.

THere is a place vpon this middle Earth,
Wher men, that vs'd much faſting, oft did eate:
There, certaine Teames of yeares they fed with mirth;
And, honeſty the *Place* did then entreat.
But when an houſ-wife, that was Catholik,
Or too too Vniuerſall, had ſet vp
An *Ordinary* neere, for *dull* and *quicke*,
Away went they, with her, to dine; and ſup:
T'was Charity to helpe a poore Begynner;
And, for her gayne, in loue, to vſe this Sinner.

Of Vlalia's *Viſitations. Epigram.* 232.

VLalia, in a Choch, as bright as *Sunn's*,
To viſit *Ladies* goes from Place to place;
And, aſſhe goes, the thundring Chariot runnes
To ſhew (as *Phœbus* doth) her bright-light Face:
But, while ſhe viſits *Ladies* in pretence,
She entertaines ſome *Lords* Incontinence.

To Sir Iohn Harrington. *Epigram.* 233.

I Dare not say your Wit was wisedome pointed,
When you in *Ajax* had your Wit annoynted:
Sith by no small Fooles, yet accompted wise,
Such straines of Wit are held but Fooleries:
But, this I say, and say what well I wot,
(*Vlisses* vpon *Ajax* plaid the Sot:
For, what you put in *Ajax*, was more woorth,
By odds, than what *Vlisses* then put forth.

Of Faustine's *plaine and pert well-doing.*
Epigram. 234.

F*Austine* delights to dance, to Mask, and Mum,
But while she either doth, she doth agree
(In sight, yet secretly) to *Doo* with some;
Yet, so she doth that euery Eye may see
She's a good *Dooer*: (badly-good) the whiles
She ner'e deceaues those Eyes she so beguiles.

Of Fuluia *her high flying.* *Epigram.* 235.

F*Vluia* now flies abrod (flye high my *Muse*)
Vpon the restlesse Wings of high *Desire*:
She stoupes to none but Lords: for she doth vse
To fly no lower, but flies ofter higher:
She is wel born and bred; so beares to breed (seed)
Braue Barns, full stuft with bright (though Bastard

Of the Game call'd; Laugh and Lye downe.
Epigram. 236.

I See and laugh, ſtill laugh at what I ſee,
Democritus, therein I play thy Part:
I ſee ſome *Mad-dames*, honeſt held to be,
That oft in ſport doe whore it, by their *Art*:
Yet (meerely) ſeeme chaſt, till they be ny downe,
So ſtill I laugh to ſee them laugh and lye downe.

Of the force of my Lo: Mayors Pageant.
Epigram. 237.

MY Lord Maiors *Pageant*, though it be (I grant)
Weake for *Inuention*, (but of ſtrong effect)
Yet drawes ſome *Mad-dames*, like an *Adamant*,
So light they be, and light Shewes ſo affect:
No; tis no *Pageant* makes them thether go;
But to be preſt for *Venus* ſeruice ſo.

Againſt ſapleſſe Sottus his vnkind heate.
Epigram. 238.

A Thouſand pound a yeare, yet *haire*, not *heire*,
Hath *Sottus*; but ſtill weares, a Coife, or Cap:
If *Man* b'a *Tree* (turn'd vpward) and his Haire,
Be as the *Rootes*; then *Sottus* hath no *Sap*
In Winter: no; for *Virgoes* heate before
Hath dride him, with a Pox, and will do more.

On

On Sirrah *and his Wife* Sarahs *falſe play with him, for his profit. Epigram.* 239.

Sirrah, come hither; let me ſpeake with thee:
Shark in thine *Eare*; thy *Wife* plaies *falſe* (they ſay)
With thee at *Tick-tack*: Peace; ô ſilent be:
She hurts thee not; yet winnes much by her play!
A while a go, thou know'ſt, thou waſt but poore;
But, ſince, by falſe play ſhe ſo much hath got (dore;
That now thou keep'ſt the Woolfe well, from the
Though yet (perhaps, thou cáſt not keep the *Goates*
For, ſhe beares men a pace, (as rich as daynty)
So ſtill ſhe wins, for thee, the Horne of Plenty!

Of Gallae's *too good agreement with me. Epigram.* 240.

Euen as a Glaſſe reflects a mans owne ſhape
Vpon himſelfe; ſo *Galla* doth to me;
Smiles, when I ſmile; nay gapeth when I gape;
And ſigheth when I ſigh; as one were we:
But ô my mind this hollow Glaſſe ſuſpects:
Becauſe ſhe *burnes* aſwell as ſhe *reflects*.

Of Fannius his feare. Epigram.

Fannius with fear of death, now, dead doth lye:
And ſo he dy'd, to kill his feare to dye.

Of Frigus *that died the first night he lay with his wife. Epigram.* 250.

FRigus ioy-drown'd, dyed lying with his Wife,
So dide through too m[illegible]e, or too much (life.

Of one who being a Dwarfe, or little higher, kept a great tall fellowes wife. Epigram. 251.

FAlina, hath good sport at home full oft
Betweene her Oxe, and Ape: Iack, come a loft.

Of Flauius *single combat: who had a valiant man to his sire, was so himselfe; but had a Whore to his mother, and a Rig to his daughter. Epi.* 252.

THat *Flauius* fought brauely; and maimed his
He as his Fathers owne true Son did so: (Foe
But being thrust into the *Belly*,
Yet receau'd it with laughter,
He tooke that of his mother,
And gaue it his daughter.

The best Kings Ire burnes more than Fire.
Epigram, 253.

WHen the darke Cloud of *Princes* secret hate
Is ready to breake out, out Flies it then
With lightning and lowd thunder, to amaze
And quite roote out the hated *Man* from *Men*!
Then as thou wouldst not die by thunder-claps,
Incur no hate of Kings what euer haps.

Video et taceo. Epigram. 254.

AS he that (ouer-curious) *Bane* receaues
To know the *quality* and force of it,
Dies, by that force, er he th'effect perceaues;
(And worthy too, for fooling so with Wit)
So, they that loue to looke too curiously
Into the liues of Kings, their fault to know,
Oft so oresee themselues, in what they see,
That they, thereby, themselues quite ouerthrow!
For, such as are not pleas'd with *Phœbus* Raies,
That yeelds all comfort vnto all that liue,
But needs must see how he his *Beames* displayes,
And the whole Body, that such light doth giue:
No maruel though they blind thẽselues thereby;
Then winck (with *Sem*) whẽ thou dost faults dis-
For, no *Spie's* in such danger as this Spy. (cry,

To my deare Liege Lord King Iames.
Epigram. 255.

VTopicall *State-Writers* (who doe pen
With Idlenesse, and haue no interest
Nor knowledge in the rules that gouerne *Men*)
New *Models* make of Rule, that still do rest
On disproportion'd Ioynts of Regiment
Of Nations different in their Rules extent:
Which in the *State* of kindle quenchlesse fires:
But thou rul'st right without these skyruy Squires.

Againe to my Liege Lord King Iames.
Epi. 256.

WHen those curst *hearts* and *hands* (that sought (thy death)
Distrest thee (deer Lieg) neer thy latest Breath,
Yet then, like Gold in fire, thy Vertue shone;
That is; in worth, to looke, and Be all one.

On Sir John Roe. *Epitaph.* 257.

ROe, thou art gon in height of *Youth* and *Fame*,
As from a Feast, ere Surfet thee o'recame.

Of and against Eare lesse Praxus. *Epi.* 258.

THe handle for true *Vertue* to take hold
Of old and young by; is the open *Eare*;

But

But, *Prauus* hauing loſt his *Eares*, how ſhould
He ere be vertuous or not vitious ere.

Againſt Sottus *his long wrongs knowledge.*
Epi. 259.

IT is vnmeet that Senſe abroad ſhould ſtirre,
And (like a wanton Rigge) at random runne
But when her ſoueraigne Reas'n commandeth her
Vpon ſome vrgent cauſe; which being done,
T'returne with ſpeed to her, that ſent her out,
T'informe her in her doubt's of good or ill:
Then like a ſober Hand-maid, keepe about
Her Soueraigne Reas'n, to doe what elſe ſhe will:
But, *Sot*, his ſenſe from Reas'n hath rangd ſo long,
(And dotes on all) that all he knowes is wrong.

Of the Carpet Knights Sir Sim Souſt Gurnerd
his Quaſer-braules. Epi. 260.

SIr *Sim Souſt-Gurnerd*, loues *notes* freſh & ſweet,
And hath an *Organ* Chamberd next the ſtreet,
Whereon he playes of purpoſe as appeares,
To haue all paſſers by him by the *Eares*:
Yet ſweetly braules in tune with ſtroakes of *Art*,
But dares not ſtrike a *Diſcord* for his heart.

Of Cracus *his facing out Falſhood or facing in truth. Epi.* 261.

Cracus if thou did'ſt know, (but O thou breakſt
The heart of *Knowledge* with thine ignorance)
how ill thou gard'ſt thy fauth, for which thou ſpeakſt
Thou nere wol'ſt ſpeak but with thy countenance:
For that ſcar's babes: ſith thou fightſt (being ſtout)
Better with ſwords than words: than face it out.

Of falſe praiſe. Epi. 262.

THe praiſe of Arts, which ill we deeme,
Like ſmoke goes out as ſoone as *ſeemes*

The righteſt Seruingmen are the righ'eſt Courtiers. Epi. 263.

Courtiers may ſeruingmen be ſtil'd: what then?
Then, cannot they ſerue God, for ſeruing men.

How an Harlot is like Hell. Epi. 263.

A *Strumpet's* like the vgly mouth of Hell,
That night and day is open to receiue
All ſinners that will pay for ſinning well;
Which ſtill ſhe takes and of: the Poxe doth giue.

Counter-

Counterfeit Piety is double iniquity.
Epigram. 264.

OLd *Will* vpon the *Sabath* will not loſe
A Sermon for his Dinner; yet (though pure)
Cheates like a Deuill: for, about he goes,
At play, all ſimple ſinners to deuoure:
He needs not then, at *Sermons* ſit ſo ciuill
For feare of hell, being an incarnat Diuill.

Againſt powdered Haire.
Epigram. 265.

THe *Daies* of old did *Aſhes* vſe to throw
(In ſigne of meekeneſſe) on the hũbled Head:
But now, in ſigne of *Pride* (in *Heart*, and *Shew*)
Our *Mad-dames* caſt *(ſweet-powder* in their ſtead:
But they whoſe *Tops* are euer powder'd ſo,
Their *T*——(moſt commonly) are *Pickel'd* too,

Againſt Gallus, his treachery and tyrranny to Galla. *Epi.* 266.

GAllus found *Galla* (e're ſhe quite was loſt)
Where *Time* & *Place* betraide her to his luſt:
Yet firſt the faire-Maide his fowle offer croſt,
But he (like *Ioab*) ſtabb'd, as her he buſt:
VVhich ſhe tooke patiently: how e're afraide:
And ſo a *Goate* like Man the Maide diſ-Maide.

Againſt

Against the stincke of Marcus *his sweetnes.*
Epi. 267.

LAsciuious *Marc* goes stil perfum'd I thinke,
But yet his sweetnes makes his same to stinke.

Of the compassing of his lusts designes.
Epig. 268.

Marc in the compasse of his Lusts designes,
Is like a Circle in *Geometry*:
Hee goes from point, to point, vntill he ioynes;
Then puts a *Period* to his Letchery:
A *Period* call it, or full point, or (.)
All's one to him, so he therein doth stick.

Against Gella *and her consumption.*
Epi. 268.

Gella is light, and like a candle wasteth, (eth,
Eu'n to the snuffe that stinketh more the last-

Against the ill cure of Gallus *the Surgeon,*
vpon Galla. *Epi.* 70.

Gallus the *Surgeon*, now, is poore as *Iob*
For healing *Galla*, whom with Child he got:
He cu'rde one Wound, another with his Probe
Hee gag'd too deepe: and so was ouer-shot

In

In his owne craft; who made her, to his ſhame,
So ſwell, that all his worth ſcarſe heales the ſame.

Againſt Fulnia's Tranſcendency.
Epi. 271.

Fvlnia is brought to nought; then cannot ſhe
In the Predicaments comprized be.
So, ſome Tranſcendent ſhe muſt be of force;
But how that is, tranſcendeth my diſcourſe.
Yet now I ha't a haire; ſhe doth tranſcend
All that the Poxe can marre & nought can mend.

Againſt proud great-bellied Ventus, *the Smell feaſt.* *Epi.* 272.

THe word *Maieſtas*, of theſe two compos'd
Maior and *Status*, argues great eſtate:
Then O, how vainely *Ventus* is diſpos'd,
To ſtrut and looke as if he had no Mate:
When (God doth know) that if his ſtate be great,
Its in his *Paunch* with eating others meat.

Againſt Vulpus *his endleſſe diſtinguiſhing.*
Epig. 273.

EXact *Diſtinctions* breed perſpicuouſneſſe;
But many breed but loath'd *Obſcurity*:
This, *Vulpus* makes, to ſhew his nimbleneſſe;
In arguing, to diſtinguiſh endleſly:

Which

VVhich if he do, but truth ſo to depraue,
I'le prooue him without *Logick* but a Knaue:
If this Stile be to common; him I'le make
A learned Knaue for true diſtinctions ſake.

Poets gaine is Fame and Famine.
Epigram. 274.

THe Poets proper Enſigne is the *Swan*
Sole *Bird* of *Phœbus*: ſo it well may be;
For, ſhe doth ſing before her death: ſo, *Man*
(Turn'd *Gull*) call'd Poet, makes that melody:
Becauſe he ſings before his death and *Fame*,
So, periſheth, through want, to get a *Name*!

Againſt the enuy of Muranus.
Epigram. 275.

MEagre *Muranus* feeds on his owne Heart,
Still enuying all that are of good deſart:
So, he is like an Eye diſeaſ'd, whoſe ſight
Is ſtill offended with what e're is bright.

Againſt gurmandizing miſerable minded Fagus.
Epigram. 276.

FAgus is fat, and ſwelleth more and more
As if Cram'd-Capons did but poiſon him:
He nought but feeds, thogh neuer feeds the poore
And like a *Panch* in ſweat, doth, ſincking, ſwim:

His

His Mind is ſo chok'd vp with Greace and bloud,
That though he e're be Great he'l ne're be good.

Againſt the bare Breſts of too well cloth'd wenches.
Epigram. 277.

WHy bare yee ſo your Breſts, audacious dames?
Is it to giue mens eyes a taſte of that
You yet do hide, t' augment their luſtfull Flames?
Or elſe to draw their tongues to wanton Chat?
It ſeemes y'are hot, that ſo low naked go,
And looke for cooling at ſome Vent below.

No Kingdome to Content.
Epigram. 278.

WIlt thou be rich? then thy deſire decreaſe;
So ſhall thy wealth, in want, amaine increaſe.

Spare, to ſpend; like thine owne friend.
Epigram. 279.

R*Vfus* liu'd hard, to make his Heire liue ſoft,
But his Heire liu'd as hardly for his Heire:
So they like Conduct-pipes conueied oft
(From pipe to pipe) great ſtore of water faire
Reteyning none themſelues; till, at long running,
By ſome hole in their Coate (how euer gay)
The *Prince* cuts off the Pipe, in *Fortunes* ſunning,
And turnes the VVater-courſe an other way:

Then

Then *Set* I hold that *Sores* true Title is.
In wealth to want for those that are not his

Against, of the same.
Epi. 280.

IF of my wealth I take part, mine it is:
If for mine Heire I spare all, it is his.

Of foolish free-heartednesse.
Epigram. 281.

FRee-hearted *Flavius* o're the shoores is run:
So, *Tonsy* here, hath *Bounty* quite vndone.

Against the small hat-caps of our young London Wives. *Epigam.* 282.

YOng London wives (who would be counted
That's of the better sort) Oh why do yee (best,
Now Crown your Crowns (wherat graue wiues do
With Hats, that not for Wives but Babies be? (ieft)
VVill yee be Babes still, yet in mariage back?
Then still yee must be swadled till ye flinck.

Against honest Notatus *his being in a lawdie-house.*
Epigram. 283.

NOble *Notatus* (ah) was lately found
In a *Bordello*; but he kept him sound

From

From all pollution: as the *Sun* doth gilde
Many a Dung-hill without be'ng defilde;
Yet ſith *Natatus* Spirit his Fleſh ſtill ſhrouds,
If he will Shine he muſt not line ſuch Clouds.

Againſt Vanus *his effeminate going.*
Epigram. 284.

Vanus effeminats himſelfe, and goes
Like a laſciuious whore in gate and Clothes:
Sith ſtill he loues the worſe, no maruell than,
He makes himſelfe a *Woman* of a *Man.*

Againſt Phenenna'es *painting her ſelfe.*
Epigram. 285.

Phenennaes face (although a Counterfeit
All painted o're) is ſtill ſo kept from *Aire*
With *Maskes* & *Chyn-clouts*, that no *ſun* can ſee't;
Yet is She no leſſe Fowle than Shee is Faire:
Her Colour's faire (gramercie *Colours* for't)
But Fowle's her face, and lookes her ſelfe vnlike
As now She lookes: that's of the fairer ſort:
Yet al her face, ſo ſlubberd, She doth like:
Which Ill, She colours well; yet all her grace
Is but to lie, and lieth in her face.

Againſt,

Againe, on the same Subiect.
Epigram. 286.

BOtts on these *Masks* & *Clouts* which now are (set
To hyde such Fronts that for such lyes excell;
Well-colour'd *Gorgons* made when *Nature* sweat
Too much to hold her Working-toole too well:
So, are but *Natures* shame, and *Graces* scorne;
Yet in *Charoches* beare they, and are borne.

Of Lord Volsus *his mis-vsing his friends.*
Epigram. 287.

THe guilefull great *Lord*, *Volsus*, vseth still
His friends like *Bottles* through his Courtly skill:
For, he (ô fy, what friend can him abide?)
The full drawes dry, the empty casts aside.

Against golden Asses. Epi. 288.

MAny men-*Beasts* go gilt now at all Peeces,
who are at best, but *Sheep* with *golden-fleeces*:
If that in *Cholcos* had beene of this sort,
Iason had plaid the *Sheepe* ere Shipt him for't.

Of Phisitions abyding at Bathe.
Epigram. 289.

LEeches, at *Bath*, for *Wealth*, not *health* do waite,
So, come not to the *Bathe*, but to the *Bayte*.

Of

Of Flauia's *lookes after her fall.*
Epigram. 290.

FLauia lookes feebly since she caught a fall:
So, lookes as if She could not *Doe* withall.

Against the wretchednesse of rich-men.
Epigram. 291.

THe *Griffons* 'mong the *Indians* keepe their (Mines
Of Gold, yet they no vse thereof do make:
So, a monied-Miser mid'st his plenty pines;
And Money keepes for Monies only sake:
Keepe he a Whore as well, then *Sin* they would not:
For, her he would not vse, and others should not.

Against Flexus *his being sick of the Fashions.*
Epigram. 292.

FLexus, still goes in many *Fashions* light
Like a *Chamelion* that all Colours takes:
Or not vnlike a Creature (*Nabis* hight,)
Which hauing many shapes, one Monster makes.

Of Rutus *his indifferency in Religion.*
Epigram. 293.

RUtus holds all Religions; and in all
He is of none; like a still flying *Bourne*

That takes all colours which therein doe fall
It hauing none: then hee'l not burne but turne.
He that's without Religion, is, at leaſt,
For his Soules ſake, a faire immortall Beaſt.

Againſt Flauiae's *lenity. Epi.* 295.

LIght of beliefe, of word, and promiſe light
Is wanton *Flauia*: light in *Mind* and *Will*:
Light of her Body: and her Eyes (though bright)
Are light, and light to workes of darkenſſe ſtill:
The weeds ſhe wears are light, as bright: then ſhe,
(Being all ſo light muſt needs ſelfe lightnes be.

Of a Tricke of Youth. Epi. 296.

C*Arnus*, calls lechery a Tricke of youth:
So, he grows old, but this trick lets his grouth.

Againſt great Vardingales. Epig. 297.

DOwne with your [illegible]*gales*, Trulls out of (frame
(ſick of the Faſhion) for, they mount too hie:
They hide your Waſt: O no, they ſhew the ſame;
That is; your Antick Superfluity:
The time hath been, they did the heeles ſurround;
But now they doe the head; and men muſt leane
Vpon your ſhoulders, from the vpper Ground,
To looke downe for your middle, without meane:
You

Your Waſte is ſhameſull then, ſith it to hide,
Your Engliſh Bumines are ſtill ſo Frenchifide.

Againſt promiſe-breaking. Epi. 298.

VEntus doth promiſe much; yet ſtil doth break;
So all his promiſes are *great*, and *weake*,
Like *Bubbles* in the water (*rownd* and *light*)
Swelling ſo great that they doe breake outright.

Againſt the miſery of rich Miſers. Epi. 299.

VArus ſhuts vp his Coyne from all with *Sparrs*;
And, from himſelfe, he locks it moſt of all:
For all his Thoughts (too hard) like Iron Barres)
Keepe it from him, ſo liues on pittance ſmall:
Hee hath not what he hath; wealth makes him want,
Yet thinkes he ſtill to laſt, being *Adamant*;
If ſo he ſhould, in cares that ſo excell,
Hee's damn'd already: for hee's heere in hell.

Of and againſt Pegus *his oft change of faith. Epig.* 300.

PEgus is pleas'd his *faith* now thrice to turne,
Yet ne'retheleſſe is hot as fire therein:
But, dares not *hang*; and, much leſſe dares he *burne*:
No; that's to *loſe* but, he doth change to *win*:
But, while he ſought to win ſo, it enſu'th,
His *Tongue* at *Trey-trip* plaid; ſo, loſt his *truth*.

Of one that ſtands ſilent. Epig. 301.

THe ſilenc'd *Stander* (yong graue *Longbeard*)
Is lately trauell'd to diſperce the *Word*
In hugger-mugger, where he may be heard,
Among the *Brethren*, that with him accord,
Yet, being gon, he leaues his wife at home,
With other Brethren ſtanding in his Roome.

Of Humus, *his ſhamefull Triumph.*
Epig. 302.

WHen *Iulius Caſar* triumph'd ouer *Spaine*,
(At his triumphant Feaſt) he gaue each
Mamertine-Falerne-Chian-Lesbian-Wine; (*Gueſts*
Which was the firſt time ſow'r wines at a Feaſt
Were euer ſeene: But, now, when *Humus* has
Not won, but loſt; not bought, but ſold ſome Land
He triumphes; and in Feaſts (which *Caſars* paſſe)
He giues his Gueſts more Wines, while they can
And, when they cannot; but do, falling, go, (ſtand;
Againe he triumphes in their ouerthrow.

Of Spenguis *his chewing the* Cud. *Epig.* 303.

ONe hundred nintie fiue ſtrange ſorts of Wine
In *Plinies* time were extant, and in vſe:
Which ſubdeuided, did more ſorts conteine;
Whereof, when I to *Spenguis* ſpeake, he chewes:
Liquo-

Liquoriſh *Cud*; and licks his *Lips*, as if
His Mouth, did water after all the chieſe.

Againſt Dauus *his daring. Epig.* 304.

Dauus ſtill ſweares, his nature is ſo hot,
He's ne're without a Quarrell; and, it's true,
He's ne're without a quarrell to the Pot;
But, others he, for feare, doth ſtill eſchue:
So, with the Pot, though he doth quarrell ay,
Yet at the Pot, for feare, makes neuer fray;
But, paies for all, to ſhun it if he may.

Againſt Frank's *grace. Epig.* 305.

Sith once the *Quartain-feauer* Altars had; (thē
I ſee not why, but *Franck* too franck) may haue
For, both do *Heate*, and *Coole*; make *Glad*, and *Sad*;
Bring many to *Death-dore*; & there do leaue them:
Such *Feauers* are ſuppoſ'd meere *Spirits* t' haue bin,
And ſuch, *Francks* fiends; whoſe *grace* is all in ſin.

Againſt the old-yong Lady Fauſtina's *vncimill-policy to keepe her from coupling in her ſole widdowes ſtate. Epigram.* 306.

VVOuld any weene that any Lady would
(To keepe her chaſte) vſe ſo vnchaſt a *Feate*
As, farre to ſend; and likewiſe, buy, with Gold;
A *Drug*, call'd *Dildo*; ſo, to coole her *Heate?*

But this, the *Prouerb* proues as true as may be;
Things farre fet, and deere bought, best likes my Lady.

The Prodigall and miser are all one in euill. Epi. 307.

THe *Ding-thrift* and the Misers fault's al one,
For, neither wots how well to vse his owne.

Of Poesie, and Painting. Epi. 308.

IF *Poesie* be, as still in truth, it is,
A speaking *Picture*, which the *Eares discry;*
Then must a *Picture* needs be made, by this,
A silent *Poesie*, subiect to the Eye.

Of womens strong, patience. Epig. 309.

SOme Women are too patient; yet, haue wit;
For, more they beare than they should, or, is fit.

Of Sir Iohns *Phisick* (*whose Lands lay all on the sea-coal*) *to make him a cleane gentleman. Epigram.* 310.

WIth, *Sea* & *Land* Sir *Iohn* conspires in hast
To make him *Sir Iohn Had-land:* for the
Still eat the *Land*, the *land* drinks thē as fast, (*surges*
And he drinks both for phisick, while he purges
Both Purie and Panch a pace; sith he would stand
On more sure ground, without such failing Land.

Or,

Or, if a truer Cause should be assign'd,
He purgeth so, for want of health of Mind.

Against Clerus *his darke dealing.*
Epig. 311.

CLerus, of me, would needs be taught to write:
But I was loath for feare his Purse was light:
He gaue me airy VVords; and said he would
VVhen I had taught him, turne that Ayre to gold.
I taught him to write faire and runningly;
VVho, for that cunning, paid me cunningly.
He gaue me Gold in VVords, and not a little;
But when I praid him turne that *Aire* to *Little*
He said he would; but yet could set no Time;
VVhich makes me set him in my *Booke* in *Rime*;
And that's but Reason, sith he's in my debt,
And he and I might else the same forget:
VVhose Recompence is, like his Name, as Cleare
As if betwixt vs nought but *Aire* there were.

Against Colphonius Friske *his scoffing at his betters for Brauues.* 312.

COlphonius Friske (as light in *Wit* as *Will*,
In neither bright) turn'd *Sharke*, to shun *di-*
Player, *Play-marrer*, or *Play-maker* ill; (*stresse*,
A foole for Six-pence; and a Knaue for lesse:
(For want of Wit, to make good Wits to smile)
Patch't a poore *Scene* with scoffing at some Rookes

That might be Kings for wit though his be vile,
Yet for that Ierke of Wit for clapping lookes:
Where he well clapt, he should be clapt for it
In Bridewell to correct his *Will* and *Wit:*
There, sith he liues by such dull lurks a lurke,
Of Iustice hand would make the Player worke.

Of a Man in Print. Epi. 313.

A *Man in Print*; once such a *Man* I saw (draw
Who whipt but *Vice* in *Print*; and then did
Himselfe in *Print*, so much in *Print*, that hee
Comes thus in *Print*, reform'd, in *Print*, to be;
While he that whipt but *Vice* in *Print* doth storme,
For being a *Vice* in *Print* so much in *Forme.*

Of a Maister of Art that lay, by the instinct of Nature, with one Mistris Barbara *all night. Epi.* 314.

B*Ossus* and *Barbara* (his Loue) one night,
Chop't Logick with their Tongues, and other
He prest her to the point in Loues delight (things,
And that vnto the Issue still she brings:
So, while she argued vnlike *Debora*,
Hee Sillogizd all night in *Barbara.*
But had the Proctors heard his Master-ship,
The *Moderator* should haue beene a whip.

Of my lying betweene two Queanes. Epi. 315.

BEtweene two Drabs I lye (with much adoe)
Each night; yet lye in seuerall houses too:
They

They (*Starchers*) neighbour me ſo neere, that I
May well be ſaid betweene them both to lye.
They will (good-*Doers*) let me nere, be idle;
For, with their Tongues (as *ſharp* as is their needle)
They prick me forward to be doing ſtill;
So my Part play they; and my Belly fiill
With Throes of theſe: deere *Brid-well* do thy part,
Deliuer me of theſe, to eaſe my Hart.

Againſt Iacks *Periurie, in proouing his honeſty.*
Epigram. 316.

NOw, *as I am an honeſt Man*, ſaith *Iacke*,
(Whoſe lookes, & life, religiouſly, are blacke)
At eu ry word, which wounds his faith (they ſay)
And is belyu'd the cleane contrary way.
Yet out-talks all, to all his hearers woe;
And, by that *no-oath* ſweares, 'tis ſo, ot ſo.
He liues by Carding; yet the State may ſtand
Without his labour, languor to the Land.
Falſe to his friend; and ſo to God may be,
Yet *as I am an honeſt Man* (cries he)
The truth is ſo; *I'ſt* ſo *Iohn* (Yes. Tis true
Thou art to God, and to thy Friend, a *Iew*.

Of Calpus *his making much of a Little.*
Epigram. 317.

Calpus, hath little *Latin*; yet he makes,
Much of that little: for, he vndertakes
To teach his Friends; yet, while to them he reads,
With *Art* he cheats them; ſo, in *Art* proceeds;

And

And, learnes then little *Latine* with much *Art*;
Which ere they learne, thus ierks thē til they ſmart
So, with his *little* Latine much he makes;
Which is his Snare to couſin all it takes.

Againſt Rollus *his great building for little fame.*
Epi. 317.

Rollus, ſtill builds aliue to keepe his name:
But, Lime and Stone keeps no immortall fame
For, they will waſt; then, in that waſt (yee wot)
His *Fame* muſt lye; and, ſo his *Name* muſt rot.

Againſt Don Puffes *incomperable adacionſ-nes. Epi.* 318.

LOrd! how *Don Puffe*, with his left handed *Face*
Scrues himſelfe into Action in high Place:
May men do ſo that better can deſerue?
No, if they be not Scrues ſome holes to ſerue.

The Teares of Peace.

*Wh*Y do theſe *Times* complain of want in *Peace*?
Are *Peace* and *Plenty* out, that bleſt increaſe
Hath left vs? No; they are not *out*, but *in*;
In ſtriſe While *Plenty* leaues vs *Peace* in ſin.

Againſt the worſt of Lawyers. Epi. 320.

LAwyers, how is it that ſuch *Fees* yee take,
not *cōcord* (which ye ſhould) but ſtriſe to make

Iſt

Fit for that *ſtrife*, not *Peace*, maintaines your life?
Than, ſtriue by peace to liue; ſo, liue by ſtriſe.

Of an ill Cuſtome neere good Cuſtomers. Epi. 321.

THere is a thing ſome call the *Cuſtome-houſe*,
Which when a Tradesman hath a *Spider* tane,
At point to breake, preuents the deadly Bane,
By wayes familier; ſo, too oft in vſe;
With *Hundreds* they of others hold *in chiefe*,
They buy a Place there, to diſplace their *griefe*.

Epi. 322.

SIr *Volſus* doore is ſtill with Sutors throng'd;
His dore the more oppreſt; &, he more wrong'd:
For, if this Wit and honeſty ye waigh,
Himſelfe at euery dore ſhould ſtay, and pray.

Of ſtupid Binus *his preuenting of time. Epigram.* 323.

SIth *Time flies faſt away*, his faſteſt flight
Binus preuents with dreaming day and night.

Againſt deſpertate Harrius *his contempt of goodnes. Epi.* 324.

FOole-hardy *Harrius*, when himſelfe he heares
A *Good-man* call'd; he holds himſelfe too good:

So

So to be Stild, because (belike) he feares
That Title hits not home his Manhoods moode:
Sith he, to be a good-man, scornes (t'appeare)
I would he were a *Saint*, so hang'd he were.

Of Bombus *the* Buffon, *and his laughing Patronesses. Epigram.* 325.

THe *Buffon*, *Bombus* feeds, by laughter, fat;
Yet, maks he *Ladies* laugh a lowd thereat:
So, liues by laughter: and I laugh to see
Both him, and Them, so both my *Buffons* be.

Of Luscus *his great Faith, and small Performance. Epigram.* 326.

Luscus, at last, hath got his Wife with Child,
For, 'tis like him, her bribed Midwife sweares:
Which he beleeues: but, for he is beguild,
He hath his false Faith euer by the Eares.

Of Rorers, soft speaking. Epigram. 327.

SInce *Duells* damn'd were, by a *Soueraignes* doom
The lowdest *Rorers* speake in eithers Eares:
Yet dare not for their Eares to *Calis* roame,
But, in the Streets, still end their *Fraies*, and *Feares*:
So, by the high-way now, their *Manhoods* liue,
Like Theeue that steale, in hope of a *Reprine*.

Of

Of Scalpus *his Haires humility.*
Epigram. 328

Scalpus, his Haire apparent, leaues his *Crowne*,
As fast as, in the *Aire*, doth *Thistle-downe*:
But, This with *Aire* doth so; but That, with *Fire*,
Becomes so humble, that would else aspire.

Of Phrynas, *huge-limbd Husbands Metamorphosis.*
Epigram. 329.

WHat! *Phryna*, is your *Phœare* become your (Maide?
Make you a Woman of so huge a Man?
Sets he your *Ruffes* for *Cuffes*, without your aide?
O *Hercules!* belike then spin he can:
But, were I yours, though I (perhaps) might reele,
Yet, ere I spun, you should the *Distaff* feele.

Of Soare Times hard to cure.
Epigram. 330.

THe *Times* are soare for *Priests* or *Poets* now
To speake or write: if truth they do auow:
Beeause the *Times* being soare, the'l ill endure
The *Corasiues* that, soarely, them must cure.

Of Sir Lauoltas *high sol'd shooes and halting in his going. Epigram.* 331.

LOrd! be these *Shooes* or *Stilts* that Knight goes on
A *Peacocks* pace? who is't: *Lanalta*, Sir. (What!

What! Sir *Lanalto*? is he such a one?
Yes; and his *name* doth in his nature, stirre,
For, as he stalkes he striues himselfe to reare:
As if his steps *Lanolta*-paces were.

Of heauy load-bearing Birds.
Epigram. 332

OF the Bird *Rue*, that beares an *Elephant*,
Writes good Sir *Iohn*, surnamed *Maundeuile*;
Encrease my fayth, deere Loue; for 'tis too scant
To credit this; but yet, here, in this *Isle*,
There be some *Bride-wel Birdes* that wel will beare
(How euer ill) huge *Men* as *Mice* they were.

Of the great traueller Fagus.
Epi. 333.

FAgus, Land-leaper, ali-as *Grasse-hopper*,
Returnd is from the *Pigmies* (pretty fooles!)
With his *Hyde* full of *Newes*: Nay, soft, ho there,
It cannot be it is so full of Holes:
For what with *Scabs* & *Scars* where such haue bin,
It will hould nought: then no Newes lie therein.

Against fond assuriors Frontus, *his swaggering to regaine his pawn'd Apparell.* *Epigram.* 334.

THe Brokers haue fond *Frontus* cloths as pledges,
For *Coyne* to keepe his *Corps* in sweeteſt sinne:
And

And beeing forfeited, he them beſiedges (win:
With thundring oaths and blowes his cloaths to
But they hold hard (hard horſons) without dread;
So, *Anuile* like, endure the *Hammer-head.*

Againſt Spongus, *a plaine Farmers Baſtard, that had gotten to be of a great Lords bed-chamber.*
Epigram 335.

Spongus, what makes you ſo your *Sire* to ſcorne?
Is it becauſe he all in *Frize* doth goe,
And you in golden coates, though ouerworne;
That's caſt Apparell of your Lords, or ſo?
He honours you; you him in ſcorne forſake:
So, makes an Idoll of a Golden-Aſſe;
While you on your ſelfe thereby a Diuell make,
That ſpeaketh through a head whoſe *brow* is *braſſe*:
Then ſpirituall whordome he commits thereby,
To honour him he made adulterouſly.

Againſt Signior Snap-haunce, the rude foolish Rorer. Epigram. 336.

Snap-haunce ſpeakes quicke & lowd; but ſtil a-(miſſe
White powder then were beſt for him; for, when
He ſpits his ſpight, but leaden ſtuffe it is,
Which euermore annoyes the ſence of *Men*:
Thā *Snap-haunce*, ceaſe to ſnap; for thy lowd ſoūds:
Do yeeld ſuch noiſom ſtuffe that ſence confounds.

Againſt

Against Rufus *the Appollo ger.*
Epigram. 337.

RVfus, you write Appellogies to Cloud
Your trechery with which you men delude;
That, like a *Cuttle*, you may so, vnuiew'd,
Abuse th'insipient plumbeus *multitude*:
Than sith you knauishly thus *Cuttleize*;
I may, lesse lauishly, thus *Iukhornize*.

Against a Marchants as light as bright Wife;
still wearing a great Chaine of Gold
ouerthwart. *Epigram.* 338.

SEe you yon'd *Marchants* wife, in Satten clad?
It is *Lucilla*, Light as *Lenity*.
It cannot be, her *Chaine* must make her sad,
It is so heauy past all grauity.
Nay, more, she'l Car'd (that shewes her housewifery)
Away her Pence, by Pounds; her Pounds, by scores
To make her Light: O then t'was cleane awry
To call her Light; for, Lightly, so be whores.
That *Stile's* too foule for one so *Faire* and *Rich*;
Than, better call her *Fancy*, or Proud-( )

Of my Selfe. *Epigram.* 339.

A Friend of mine reproud me, sith I was
Too Busie in correcting *Leehery*;
Saying

Saying I was too open. But, alasse,
I cannot helpe it handsomly; for I
Must, ere I scourge it, open it (you know)
That I my ierkes the righter may bestow.

Against Iugus, *his truth-swearing.*
Epigram. 340.

IVgus still sweares that he a true *Man* is,
Than say so *In*; for, still thou swear'st amisse,
Sith thou woul'st steale our good conceites therby,
Against our wills: so, thy true oaths do lye.

What rich men must doe to gaine and retayne the worlds fauour. *Epigram.* 341.

A Rich man that would haue the world to friēd
Must either giue (or at least) Spend or Lend:
If neither; either he must liue alone,
Or, with too many push'd, be ouerthrowne.

Against the gallant Glossus *his mis-measuring.*
Epigram. 342.

GLossus is gallant, yet doth measure keepe;
He eats and drinkes in measure; so doth sleep:
He measures Lands in trauell; so doth Seas:
In Measure he doth dance, toyles, takes his ease:
Yet (*Robin-Hood*) metes, somethings might be left
He metes *Maid-marions* by the Bow, and Shaft.

Of the Viol. Epigram 343.

THe *Viol* speaks the *language* of the *Hands*;
And, by the *Fingers*, *Sense* it vnderstands:
Yet, *Fingers* are the *Viols Feete*: and so,
As they doe *runne*, the *Viol* still doth *Goe*.

How Maides resemble Eue.
Epigram. 344

MOst *Maides* resemble *Eue* now, in their liues;
Who are no sooner *Women* but are *Wiues*:
As *Eue* knew no *Man* ere *Fruite* wrought her *Woe*,
So, these haue *Fruite* (oft) ere their *Pheares* they (know.

Against Myntha, *that would haue bin my Tenant for a fowle Fine. Epigram.* 345.

Myntha (ripe *Medler*) would be medling still,
With things that most concerne mee, by her
She vnder me would fain haue liu'd by doing (will
Thinges in my house, for which she still was woing:
Her *Lippes*, and *Hippes*, in grosse, she offer'd mee
For Fine. if so she might my Tenant bee.
So, I shou'd be her Tenant, and she mine,
For no great Rent, but for too grosse a *Fine*:
Soft *Myntha*, in some others house go prancke yee;
Yours is an *Ordinary*; I'le none, I thanke yee.

Of

Of a man that prou'd a Slipper. Epigram. 346.

FRiſcus tooke Slippers vpon truſt; and then
He Slipt away; So Slippers (oft) are men.

No good Wiues in London. Epigram. 347.

THe *Countrie's* full of *good-wiues*; ſpecially
The Wiues of all the *Clownes* and *Yeomanry*:
But *Trige-wiues*, *Broome-wiues*, *Oyſter-wiues*, & all;
Wee ſtill, in London, *Miſtreſſes* doe call:
Then *London* hath no *good-wiues*, ſith they bide
All in the *Country*, better occupide.

Againſt the too too common, as moſt ſhameleſſe counterfeiting the Stampe of Heauen (Beautie) by Painting; and the exceſſiue bravery of Men, and Women of theſe Times. Epigram. 348.

THomas Thomaſius, an outlandiſh VVitch,
Sould Diu'ls for *Dolors*: *Fame* elſe lowdly lyde:
And, as they were in pow'r, he price did pitch:
So, liu'd by ſelling Diuells till he dy'de.
A pretty Occupation, and were hee.
Aliue, and here to ſell his VVare, he might
Gaine what he would, if his curſt Diu'ls would be
Pleaſ'd to make *Men* and *Women* faire and bright
For, now men fairely play the women too;

Then, for his gaine he might the Land vndoe:
Nay, though they painted & but borrrowed raimēt
Tom, for his Diu'ls, should haue royall payment.

Of Raggus and his proiect.
Epigram. 349.

RAggus, with open mouth pursues strange *Pro-*(*iects*,
And of the *State*, reuiles the *Eye* of wit;
That, hauing open'd it, so many Prospects
To worldes of wealth; yet, sees no benefit:
Saw it as thou dost (*Ragge*) that so dost raue,
It saw but how to play the *Foole* and *Knaue*:
For with thy sight (at best) it would perceiue
It selfe, and others how but to deceiue.

Probatum est.

How Clearke Tho. *his Clearkeship sau'd his Queane. Epigram.* 350.

CLearke *Thomas* kept a whore at his command,
(VVhom al commanded that had *welth* or *will*)
Yet kept her from the Gallowes vnder-hand,
That vnder him she might be *doing* still.
Fye *Tom* (great Clearke) thy skil doth kil thy fame
For, by thy Clergy thou hast sau'd thy *shame*.

Fast

Fast and loose. Epi. 351

PAphus was maried all in haſt,
And and now to wracke doth runne:
So, knitting of himſelfe too faſt,
He hath himſelfe vndone.

Of Long *'s being the leaſt part of himſelfe. Epigram.* 352.

ONe *Long* being ſeru'd with proceſſe to ap-
Appear'd forthwith; but 'twas another where (peare,
Than where he ſhould: and ſo, for his contempt,
Was taken by a writ, no place exempt:
Then, quite beſide himſelfe, came all agaſt;
Shewing, *That was not* Long *that came at laſt.*

To a blind Hag: Part: Epigram. 353.

SOme neighbour Nations when their Out-lawes (flye,
Hang vp their pictures which ſhould them be-
So (for thou Out-law art in Poetry) (tide,
Thy Picture I truſt vp on Times backe-ſide.
For which (too like it, without grace or wit)
Thou martyrd'ſt me in thy Wits feeble fire:
But ſhall I malice? no, I pitty it:
Sith thou art worthy of no witty Ire:
For, thy Lines weakenes all men wonder at,
That (like a Parrat) prat'ſt thou wot'ſt not what.

Eundem. *A blinde Harper.*
Epi. 353.

YEt with the Hornes of thy weake pow're (whose
Goes through thy brows, but coms not ny thy (Roote
Thou but'ſt at wales; but Ile ſay nothing to't, (brain
(Though I be Welſh) ſith all thou doſt is vaine:
Thy beſt is but to filch from good Sir *Iohn*,
Some *Epigrams*; whereof a Welſh is one.
Then ſith thy beſt is ſtol'ne from Sir *Iohn Har:*
Thou art no Poet, but a blinde *Har: Par:*

He ſtole ſome Epigrams *from Sir* Iohn Hat. *verbatim*

Of Caſie *and her Caſe. Epigram.* 354.

CAſſe was in Caſe to drawe on Suters, which
She lou'd a life: yet lou'd none but the rich:
So, a heauy-mettel'd Boore, in *Caſſes* Caſe,
Carried her (leaden Sowe) from *Wit* and *Grace*.

After the fall of Man, of the fall of Women.
Epigram. 355.

NOw ſcarce a *Waſtcoteere* or *Chamber-maid*,
(Much les, much more) can go, though by the (wall
But by ſome Friend or Vſher muſt be ſtaid,
Women are now ſo weake, and apt to fall:
Heauen ſtrengthē them; for many a woman grown
A Pages breath now often tilteth downe.

As

As the young [illegible]ke crowes, so doth the old.
Epigram. 356.

YOung *Taurus*, like his *Sire* doth *fare* & *doe*,
And, like his *Wife* doth *beare* as well as *strike*:
That's done by *nature*; and, by *nature* too,
Olde *Taurus* needs must get (this Calfe) his like.

Against Lame Hipp.
Epi. 357.

OLd *Hip*; well, let him goe; he is not worth
The talking of; yet fetts himselfe still forth
As if he were a man might weare a Robe,
Although the old Scabbe, be as poore as *Iobe*.
Nay, now I lye; for, *Iob*, though he had nought,
Yet nought he ow'd; but, this poore *pach* is *thought*
Much worse thē Nought with wrangling; he is (so)
Poorer then *Iob*; for, *Iob* but scabs did owe.

Against Mar nezetus, *the well knowne Sharker, consening me of a Cloake.*
Epig. 366.

SIrrah, *Marmzetus*, me no more prouoak; (sheep
Go, cheat els where; with me y'haue shorn your
Y'haue Clok't y'er knauery; so, haue got a Cloake,
By cheating of your friend; well, safe it keepe:
Yet, it restore to Cloake my *Spleene* and *Mee*,
Or Ile vncloake thy *name*, thy *shame*, and *Thee*.

Againſt poore-proud Vurſus *his vanity*
Epigram. 359.

WOuld'ſt be al *Sattē*, *Vurſus*, that thou wear'ſt
But ſome vpon thy *Breſt*, ſome at thy VVriſt?
Think'ſt thou the Maids to thee thou, ſo, endeer'ſt
Or, iſt for *pleaſure?* or, for *profit* iſt?
For both; for, thou doſt ſaue ſome Coin therby
And mak'ſt them ſport, at thy proud beggery.

Againſt Fotmus *his ſhift for; not of new Bootes.*
Epig. 360.

WHat! *Formus*, eu'ry day *Bootes* freſh, and new,
Out of your *Incomes?* No. Yet ſure (though
Some Matter's in't, that ſhold be out. Its true; (ſmal
But, one day (with a Pox) you'l pay for all.

Againe. Epi. 361.

BEſides, you haue a Trick (as I heare ſay) (try)
When ſome *Boote-makers* come your *Bootes* to
You ſend your Man with them, elſwhere, for pay;
Meane while, like *Mercury*, with them you ſlie
Straite to beſpeake (oh *Neate-skin'd* Auarice!)
A paire of New-boots, elſ-where, at that price.

Againſt

Againſt Paſſus *his ſuperfluity in want.*
Epigram. 362.

Paſſus doth paſſe his Bounds in all he doth,
In all he thinks, in all he ſaies, or writes:
Nay, he's him ſelfe *ſuperfluous*; yea, a Moath
Of *Common-weales*; but not like one indites,
Sith he conſumes no Senſe: for, thus he writ:
Her corrall-lips of hue: Of hue; oh marke
How *hue*, ſo plac'd, diſcoulor doth his wit;
And, with a dull redundance makes it darke:
Then ſith that *Hue* the Sence ſlue ſencleſly,
Againſt that *Hue*, with open mouth, I *cry*.

Of Fagus *his open keeping of ſecrets.* *Epi.* 369.

Fagus, the gameſome *Lion*, ſtill is beſt,
To truſt with *Secrets*; which if he doth ſhew,
None credits him; or thinks he doth but ieſt:
So, though all know it, nought at all they know.

Of a balcke Iacke full of Religion. *Epi.* 364.

Lacke Iacke is Brimfull of Religion; (*Iohn*
Yet games he night and day: Vvhy, well *Don*
If thou go'ſt right to *Heau'n*, th' haſt found a way,
Beſides *Good-works*: for, all thy worke is play:
But, ſo to play, no Soule nor Credit ſaues:
For, ſtill at *Gleeke*, is but a *Gleeke* of knaues.

Of

Of a merry World.
Epi. 365.

LOrd! what a merry World is this now grown?
Late call'd a *Vale* of *Troubles* and of *Teares*;
The *Temples-Maske* quite puts the *Sermon* downe
For great resort of *Commons*, *Mad dames*, *Peeres*.
The *World* runnes all on *Wheeles*; for, as I went
From *Temple-barre* to *Bed-ward*, was so barr'd
VVith Rankes of *Coaches*, of such huge extent,
That, as with *Eclous* prest, with me it far'd:
For, for a *Bow-shoote* hardly found I *Way*
Or, if I did, t'was *Edg-long*, soild with *Durt*;
[illegible] *In* and *Out* I danc't a nasty *Hay*:
[illegible]d, glad I was I had none other *Hurt*:
But, wisht each *Coach* had Carted the *owner*
That all my mire (at least) had fall'n vpon her.

To my dread Lord King IAMES.
Epi. 366.

DEere *Liege*, should I applaud thy *Parts*, or (*Minde*,
I should but render thee thy *Due*: but yet
The Concaue of a *CROWNE* my cause that
Although thy Vertues were but counterfeit. (wind
And should I praise thee, past all *Praises* Pitch,
Being thy Vassall, though thou wert deuine,
I should be thought to claw where it doth itch,
Coyning false praise on Stuffe that will not shine.

But

But Kings may well deſerue and haue beſt Parts:
Yet haue not all the good-ſome worſer haue:
Then where *Deſert* declines thy deere Deſerts,
Hard by doth mount, what makes thee brightly.
For, *Bounty*, *Clemency*, and *chaſt deſire* (braue
Aboue all Kings do make my King aſpire.

Againe in honour of him.
Epi. 367.

TO ſpeake by *Weight*; (that is, to weigh our (words
Before we ſpeake) found *Iudgement* doth re-
To ſpeake in *Nũber*, beſt with *Wit* accords: (quire
To ſpeake in *Meaſure*, *Reaſon* doth deſire:
If then to ſpeake in *Number*, *Weight*, & *Meaſure*,
Be with *Wit*, *Reaſon*, and *Iudgement* to ſpeake well:
Then, *Verſe*, with Cadence ſweet, & meeteſt *ſe-*
On choiceſt *Subiect*, doth all ſpeech excell: (*ſure*
Poets thus ſpeake, and lawes for ſpeaking draw:
Then, the beſt Poet is a Speaking-law.

To the High and Mighty, CHARLES,
Prince of Wales. Epi. 368.

GReat-little *Charles*, made ſo by *Time*, and (*Place*
Yet *times* leaſt *glimpſe* thy *place* (at leſt) doth
Although *mans* greatnes, *time* to thee denies, (grace
Yet *Grace*, aboue *Mans* greatneſſe, *That* ſupplies.

Bu-

But, maugre *Spight* thy *Name* and *fame* shall gaine
A *Place*, and *Name* with *Stars* call'd great *Charles*-
Which still I wish; & whodoth't not desire, (*wayne*:
Would they were *nought* as *naught*; or *Tow* in *Fire*.

To the no lesse than most graue Counsellor of Counsellors, Thomas *Viscount Brackley Lord Chancellor of England.*
Epi. 369.

Y'Ane past the *Storms* of Youth and Passion too;
And now, in Calmes of *Age* Hau'n remayne:
Now sees your *Soule* most clearely what to doe;
And those vndo that doe their Conscience straine:
In *Summe*, for all (that may your glory spread)
Your pain your *Brame*, to ease, & please your *Head*.

To the true President of Honor, William *Earle of Pembroke Lord Chamberlain. &c.*
Epig. 370.

DEare Lord, to whom I wish a world of *Good*;
If so; a World of *Grace* is vnderstood,
Agreeing to that World of *Worth* in Thee
Too little Lord that great Worlds Lord to bee.
Grace, *Art*, and *Nature*, still in thee doe striue
Which most shall make thy praise Superlatiue;
And make thee most like *Him*, that all things can,
And *Phillip*, more than *Macedonian*:
Then, still be like those Two, as now thou art;
And, as thou hast; so, thou shalt haue my *Heart*.

To

To the Right noble, and my much honored Lord,
Phillip *Earle of Montgomery.*
Epi. 371.

A *Mother* sooner can forget her *Child*,
Than I Thee (Lord of my best Memory)
Could I mind more, thou shouldst be higher stil'd;
But, this is all I can, vnlesse to dye
For *Thee* and thy most *Noble House*: whereof
I am an *Excrement* not yet cut off.

To the true Patterns of Nobleſſe and Heroicall vertue, Richard *Earle of* Dorſet, *and Sir* Edward Sackuill *Knight of the Bath his moſt noble Brother. Epigram.* 372.

YOu *Starres* that in our States *Spheare* ſhine as bright
As *Suns* fixt neere our *Zenith*, daying Night:
Stil on ſuch *Dayes-eyes* ſhine (though planted low)
By *Fortunes* hand, as turne to ſuch as you
To be ſet open, when they (hid) hang downe
Their heads for want of *Grace* to make them known.
I need not force the free; you ſhine on ſuch,
No *Starres* within our Hemiſpheare ſo much:
So much for that; but this much more for you,
(Though more you cannot haue then is your due)
You, for your high *Worthes* Rayes, I'le Raiſe to be
Caſtor and *Pollux* both to *Heauen* and *me*.

To

To the Right noble Lord, Theophilus, *Lord Walden. Epigram.* 373.

MY *Cunning* ſooner ſhall my *right hand* leaue
Than not to *giue* where once it did *receiue*:
But, *Golden Apes* to giue, for *Golden Earth*,
Is leſſe *Materiall*, and no cauſe of *Mirth*:
Yet, Cauſe of *Mirth* theſe *Papers* do infold:
That I, in ſtead, do gieue thee for thy *Gold*:
But what, in *earneſt* I would giue (with *mirth*)
To thee, is *glory*; both in *Heauen*, and *Earth*.

To the Right Honorable Sir Francis Bacon *Knight. &c.*
Epi. 259.

THi' admired *Sire* was *Wit* & *Wiſdomes* Source;
And thou his Sonne, reſembleſt him in thoſe:
Thy *Hand* is open; cloſe is thy Diſcourſe:
For; *much* in *few*, thy thy *Iudgement* doth incloſe.
But, when thou art diſpoſed to ſet ope
A Flood of *Eloquence*, to Whaſt all *Eares*
With head-long ſway vnto thine vtmoſt ſcope,
Then, ſtubborn'ſt Rocks of *Leas* it ouerbeares:
So, thou do'ſt grace the *Law*, as it doth Thee;
But, of all Lawyers, Thou alone for me.

To

To my much honored the Lord Hayes.
Epigram. 375.

THou do'ſt the *Court Lord* too much grace,
To be forgotten in this place:
Where I deſire to praiſe ſuch *Ones*
As (worthy) are *Court-Minions.*
Then, this thou art (I dare auouch)
A *Good, Great* Courtier (teldome ſuch!)
That's *honeſt* with *due Complement;*
Which is *moſt noble* in extent:
Heere, ſith no further *Grace*, hath gon,
Ile put a *Prick*, To driue It on.

To my Noble, highly valued friend, Pupill, and Alyes Man, Sir Edward Herbert, *of Montgomery, Knight of the Bath. Epi.* 376.

SIth thou thy *Name* and *Nation* honoreſt (leaſt.
With *Worth* (like *Britains* Crown) paſt price at
Giue me leaue (leaſt worth of thy leaſt Alyes)
To tell the World thus much, and then it dyes:
For, in this World, where *Grace* doth liue by Sin,
Can nothing liue that is not dead within.

To my honorable, ingenious, worthy, friend, Sir Iohn Conſtable, *Knight. Epi.* 377.

DIdſt thou but know (deer *Knight*) how much (my *heart*
Deſires to *Stellifie* thee for thine *Art:*

And

And what e're elſe by *Worth* can be poſſeſt,
Thou would'ſt beleeue my *Heart* is thine, at leaſt.
Thē take my *Heart*, which thus on thee is whorl'd
And loue it; ſo, my *Heart* is worth a World.

To my much honored and intirely beloued Sir William Alexander *Knight. Epi.* 378.

THy *Pen*, which from ſome *Angel* is acquir'd,
With heauenly Grace to ſhew thy Wit & *skil*,
So farre out-ſhines my poore *Rookes* ruder *Quil*,
That, in it's beames mine ſeemes a Cole vnfir'd;
But, let them lie till they become intir'd,
Then, thine ſhall mine with equall glory fill;
Yet ſo as, knowne, t'was ſo by thine attir'd,
That all the Glory thine may merit ſtill:
Yet, here my lauiſh Pen runs o're ſo much
With blurring inck, beblotting blacker Crimes,
That (looſly) it, the Times too neere doth touch;
That is; too broadly blots theſe looſer Times:
But, ſooth to ſay; my *Muſe* became thus looſe
Through vice; at which ſhe hiſſeth like a gooſe.

To my venerable friend Maſter Doctor Goade. *Epi.* 379.

THou art not like, but eu'n a reall *Goad*,
Sharpe at one *End* (thy *Head*) to driue men on
(That are oppreſt with ſad ſinnes heauie Load)
Where they may reſt from being we-be-gon:
Then,

Then, he that will not goe, when thou doſt prick,
Is dull, in ſenſe; or elſe, an *Halter-ſick.*

To my worthy, and beloued friend Doctor Pierce;
Parſon of Saint Chriſtophers, *London.*
Epigram. 380.

IN this but *Froth* of *Wit* to ſowſe your *name*
Is but to ſoile it; ſo, incurre your blame.
Theſe *Purgings* of my *Braine* become not you
In any ſort to *See*; *much* leſſe *alowe.*
You needs muſt ſay, my *Leiſure* I abuſe
To make theſe *Ieſts* the *Staſions* of my *Muſe.*
What will you more (deere *Doctor*) I confeſſe
I am all yours, but not my *Fooliſhneſſe.*
Yet, *Garce*, *Art*, *Wit*, and *Worth* (and all diuine)
May make you (bright *Sun*) on this *Dunghill* ſhine
Without defiling of your ſpotleſſe *Raies*:
Then, ſcowre my *gnilt* with *Birch*; but, gilde my
(*Bases.*

To my beſt beloued friend, and alie-man, Maſter
Iohn Sanford. *Epi.* 381.

IOhn, thou art like a *Hand* that changeth not
His *Name*, or *Nature*; *clowched*, or *dilated*:
So, thou art *One*, what euer be thy *Lot*:
And ſtill, by *Fortune*, rather *ebekt*, than *Mated*:
But, if ſhe had but *Eyes* to ſee thy *Worth*, (*North*

The *North* should grace thee, as thou dost the
With radiant Beames, (*North*
On Learnings Streames.
In *Fortunes* Spheare long be his Grace & place,
That, like the Sunne, exhald thy streames to grace.

To the all witty, Sir Io: Har:

SIR, you and I (but Oh I doe you wrong,
To rank with you, for *friends*, *means*, *wit*, or *art*)
Are like (they say) in setting of a *Song*,
Tho you sing more in tune, in euery Part.
But, as I can, by Nature, I doe hit
Those Notes you strike, vpon a iarring string:
And it is true, we haue one fashion'd Wit,
Which may (alike) to vs displeasure bringe.
But shall wee cease to sing for this? Oh no,
We can no more doe that, than cease to say
God saue the Kinge: and they that would not so,
Would some straite lines had trust out of the way.
But on our gamesome *Numbers* who doth force,
Their *Sence*, not *Ours*, to vexe vs; ill they wot
What powre are in (our Pates) the wodden Horse,
To doe their *Names* away with *Wits* hot-shot.
But wee will Libell none; for tis vnfit,
The world's not worth a Libell of rich Wit.

To my ingenuous deere friend and Country-man Mr.
Iohn Hoskins, *Councellor at Law.*

ONe County first sustein'd our weight; yet wee
Doe lie no burthen to the place, so prest;
But: *Luster*: else some flatter thee and mee,

Yet

Yet, say they what they will, our soules know best:
And for my part, I hope that Thou, and I,
Ere wee'le disgrace it, wee with Grace will dye.

To my worthy, ingenuus, and ingenius Pupill
Mr. Thomas Bond.

VNder my hand I had you once; and now
Y'are fallen vnder but my *Pen*, my *Plow*;
Wherewith your Name I culture thus; you bee
A *Bond* that binds, because you are so *Free*.

To my witty and worthy friend, Inigo Iohnes
Esquire, *Surueigher of his Maiesties workes.*

VVIT'S mirrour, *Inigo*, wherein Men see
Their *Figure*; which thou dost to them re-
By *forming*, or, to them, *conforming* thee: (flect
For which thou win'st both *reuere* and *respect*:
Fortune and *Fauour* with great *Art* conspir'd,
To make thee *Modell* out each *Edifice*
Ere it be squar'd for *Court*; which thee hath *Squir'd*;
And may doe, *SIR*, for many a rare *Deuice*!
Thy Place I wish not; but thy wakefull Wits,
To make my Place fit mee, as thine thee fits:
Then, lend me, while thou sleepst, thy pure *acumen*
To Knight me (old Boy) after many *Non-men*.

To my learnedly witty friend, Mr. Beniamin Iohnson.

THy *sconce* (that guards thy *wits* as it they guard)
Is sound, & large, yet no whit can be spard
For thy *Wits* throng: that Plenty makes thee scarce,

Which makes thee flow, as ſure in *Proſe* or *Verſe*,
As ſay thy worſt detractors; then, if thou
For all eternity, writ'ſt *Sure* and *Slowe*,
Thy *Wits*, as they come thronging out of Dore,
Do ſticke a while, to ſpread their praiſe the more.

To my darling-friend Mr.
Richard Dorington.

Dicke, I am thine: then(thou haſt to the end,
A ſore diſeaſe, that Phyſicke will not mend:
Yet, tis no Falling-ſicknes, for Ile ſtand
As faſt to thee, as is thy Heart and Hand:
And I haue reaſon for it; for thou art
As deere to mee as is my Hand or Heart.
Then, if I doe diſeaſe thee, it ſhall bee,
As Phyſicke doth, of good, to better thee,
Sith thou aforehand giu'ſt mee Fee on Fee.

To my beloued, and moſt praiſe worthy friend,
Mr. Lyte *of* Lytes-cary.

SIth *Art* and *Nature* did agree,
To make thee *Lyte* of *Lyte*;
Thou art a Type of *Chriſt*, ſith hee
Is very Light of *Light*:
Thou light'ſt (like him) with *Wit* and *grace*,
Whoſe Fame (like his) fils *Time* and *Place*.

To

To my beloued, Mr. Robert Branthwaite.

I Loue thee *Robin*; If I should not, I
Should giue my *heart* the *slab*, my *tongue* the *lie*:
The Sword of sorrow still should pierce my heart,
If it should not affect thy deere desert:
In few, I know no man more worthy loue
For all that may Affection *Stay*, or *Moue*.

To my worthy approued deere friend Mr. Iackson, *Manciple of All Soules Colledge in Oxford.*

IF wee must speake as we haue found; why then,
Th'hast beene to *me* and *mine*, the best of *Men*:
For, of all those that euer yet I prou'd,
Thou best deseru'st of mee to be belou'd.
Thine Out-sides plaine, but yet within thy Breast,
A Heart (I finde) as *braue* and *free* doth rest
As that great *Cæsars*, who would euer moane
The passed day, wherein he pleasur'd none.
Thou art a Townseman, yet the Countrey mend'st,
& glad'st it with what there thou get'st & spend'st
For, two Months, in a time of pestilence,
There, freely cheer'd, I saw thy great expence.
While thou in *Oxford* (plagu'd) wast then expos'd
To death: thy *family* and *mine* dispos'd
In safety there, where wee, besides, were fed;
While thou for vs did'st liue among the dead.

Iackson's thy name; then thou art mine (alacke
Th'art haplesse so) for some doe ca'l me *Iacke*.
But, like a Father, thou to *Iacke* hast bin;
That is, in kindnesse, farre beyond his Kin.
Then, *Iack's* thy sonne, to loue and honour thee;
And so, for fosti'ing both, must *Iack's* * *Sonne* bee.
Thus, though *Iacke* can not giue thee reason for't,
Hee'le giue thee *Rome*, *Renowne* & *good report*.
And if that be too thyn for thy desert, (Heart,
Wer't thou not all heart, thou shouldst haue his
Yet, for thine may be sicke, when his is sound,
He giues it thee, sith so to thee it's bound.

* *Silvanus*

To my worthy approued friend
Mistris Sisley Tyse.

THy *Vertues* do intice me, *Tyse*, to set (*Rimes*
Thy name (for *Loue* and *Fames* sake) in my
Least *Time* should either *Them* or *Thee* forgett,
Whose *Wisdome*, *Women-hood*, & *parts* (like *crimes*)
Do staine most *Wines*, as *Phœbus* doth the Fire;
Then, liue thou in my *Rime*, till *Time* expire.

Of my Selfe, and my Booke.

I Must confesse my *Muse* is in the wrong,
Though rightly she doth scourge what is amisse:
But being pregnant, Shee to lash doth longe,
Though her complexion quite be mar'd by this:

For

For moſt will ſay, *Shee* like a Diuell lookes:
Yet, let none iudge, but ſuch as can write Bookes.

Againſt Yellow, ſtarcht bands.
For a Farewell.

THeſe *Ruffes*, ſick of the *Iaundize* (black, or (Yellow)
Do ſhew their *Wearers* are or Deep or Shallow
In Pouerty, or Wit: Then, would they were
Al black with Cuffes that Yellow Ruffes do weare:
And he whoſe Wife doth weare them, I ſuppoſe
With Cauſe ſtill feares he weares the Yellow-hoſe.

To my deare Mother; the Citty of Hereford.

THou gau'ſt me breath; and I wil giue thee *fame*
By writing, in a double Kind: thy Name
I Borrow'd once to adde to mine: and yet
I hold it to it ſtill; for which the debt
Is cleareſt fame Ile pay thee, at long running;
Elſe ſhall my hand and head forget their cunning.

FINIS.

EPITAPHS.

On him that was ſaid to be pull'd in peeces in playing the Beare. Epitaph. 1.

HEre lies a *Man*; nay, who there?
Here lies a *Man* that dyde a *Beare*.

On an Hermaphrodite. Epi. 2

HEre lies a *Man* and *Woman* too;
And yet wants One to make them Two.

On one Gwillim *a common cryer of a Towne. Epitaph. 3.*

HEre lies the Common Cryer *Gwillim*;
So, cryd for *life*, till Death die ſtill him.

On an Harlot call'd Meg-Mutton *of Hereſ: Epitaph. 4.*

HEre lies *Megmutton* (who could liue no longer
To make *Death* a Glutton, and true *Mutton-*
(*monger*.

Vpon a noted common-liver, Iack-ap Iack.
Epitaph. 5.

HEre lies *Iack-ap Iack*: and wot yee why?
A liue he ſtill lyde; and, dead, ſtill muſt lye.
Who, in his life, lyde willingly ſtill:
But here, in death, lies againſt his will.

On the Woman that was burnt in Smithfield for killing her Maſter, in her anger.
Epitaph. 6.

HEre *good people, in the Duſt,*
Truely Lieth Choller-aduſt:
Which kill'd, through beate: ſo, burn'd, with Dolor a
Then, here lies truely, Burned choller.

Vpon one borne blinde. Epitaph. 7.

HEre lies a man that ne're *ſaw* wo
Being borne blind, to *feele* it ſo.

Vpon Iohn *o' all* Iohns.

Iohn of all *Iohns* here lies: what than?
Were all *Iohns* hon: r'd in this *Man*?
Yes, that they were: and, wot yee why?
Cannot you tell? in troth nor I.

On one Wood a miser, burnt by a Queane. Epi. 9.

READER, reade; and, thinke thereon,
Here lies *Wood* beneath this *Stone*:
Who was harder than the higher,
Yet was burnt without a fier.

On one who built himselfe bankerupt, to keepe the poore on worke. Epi. 10.

READER smile, or else looke off,
For, here lies the Peoples Scoff:
Who, that Beggers well might do,
Built himself a Begger too.

On one that yeelded his Weapons in primat fight; the conceipt whereof after brake his heart. Epi. 11.

THis *Stone* conceales a *Man* almost,
Who, by his *Manhood*, *Manhood* lost.

On one that a Queane made to Father her Bastard, begotten by his Man. Epi. 12.

HEre lies a Man was got with Child
By a Maid that him defilde:

Who

Who made him, when she was a Mother,
Father her Child got by another.

Vpon one Church-euill a debosh'd base Whore-hunter, who dyed of the Pox.
Epi. 13.

HEre lies a *Church*, tryumphant still in euill;
That neuer fought with *sin* the *world* nor *Diuell*
But still with *Flesh* he changed friendly knocks;
And so, to shun the Plague, dyde of the Pox.

On a common Drunkard. Epi. 14.

HEre lies a Man that ner'e saw Man;
For he ner'e lookt but in a *Can*.

On an English stutting Booke-seller who learned French, to sell Bookes to French-men.
Epi. 15.

HEre lies *Sam*: although a Stutter,
Yet many a word, in Print, did vtter:
Yet had no Tonge at all to spare,
But one he bought to sell his Ware.

On Tarlton. *Epi.* 16.

HEre within this sullen *Earth*
Lies *Dick-Tarlton*, Lord of mirth;

Who

Who in his Graue ſtill, laughing, gapes
Syth all *Clownes* ſince haue be:ne his Apes:
Earſt he of Clownes to learne ſtill ſought;
But now they learne of him they taught
By Art far paſt the Principall;
The *Counterfet* is, ſo, worth all,

On a rare Dyer of Silke. Epi. 17.

HEre lies one, who lyu'd by dying,
Yet dyde truely till this lying.

On a ſelfe conceited Foole. Epi. 18.

HEre lies a Man that was an Aſſe
Then *Is* he better than he *was*.

On one who cheated his Father. Epi. 19.

HEre lies a Man, who in a ſpan
Of life, beyond his Father ran.

Epi. 20.

HEre *Iohn* of *Powles* but hids his head:
For, none can ſay good *Iohn* is dead.

On Iohn A-Stile. *Epi.* 318.

IF yee be men, then ſtay a while,
And know here lyeth *Iohn A Stile*,

If yee know him not; why then,
Its ten to one y'are honeſt men.

On Raullack *who murdered* Henry *the fourth French-King.* 22.

HEere lies *Raullack* (the whole heauens vnder)
aboue the Earth, *Heau'n*, *Earth*, & *Hels* iuſt wō-
Thogh all theſe 3. moſt iuſtly wonder at him, (der,
The thing procures more wonder that begat him:
For, though that thing, in *Ill*, paſt all comparing,
Yet nought could ought beget ſo damd & daring.

On George a Greene, *Pinder of Wakefield.* 23.

HEere doth lie good *George-a-Greene*
Nor *taſted*, *ſmelt*, *felt*, *heard*, or *ſeene*:
But yet when *George* at *Wakefield* dwelt:
Many did *ſmell*, while him they *felt*.

On little Iohn.

HEere lies little *Iohn*, not little ſome weene:
Yet now hee's ſo little he cannot be ſeene.

On Billy Grime.

HEre lies *Billy Gryme*
Who neuer was ſtorer;
But firſt and laſt *Shyme*,
And, euer a Rorer.

For

For, though dead bee *Will*,
His Name roreth ſtill.

On a Roring Boy called Thing.

FIe vppo'nt. it maddes me neere
A ſtabbing *Thing* ſhould ſtil lye heere;
Yet, if now ſtill lye he ſhould not,
He muſt hang; for, ſtand he could not.

Of one Baudyman, *whoſe name and nature were one.* 27.

IF I ſhould tell you, heere doth lye
A *Man*; perhaps you'l ſay I lye:
But, though a *Beaſt* ye proue him can:
Yet was (at leaſt) a *Baudy-man*.

Of one R. Hand *that died of the Poxe.* 28.

NOw by this *Hand* I wrong him not,
Heere lies a *Hand* that, dead, doth rot:
And was ſo rotten ere hee dide,
That now he is leſſe putrifide.

Upon a Younger, who lay with a Maid, at the Labour in vaine. 29.

WOuld you thinke it? I thinke you would not:
Heere lies a youth that *would* but *could* not.

On

On a man borne dumbe. 30.

BEleeue it heere one dead doth lye,
Who in his life, could neuer lye:
For he was dumbe; then lye could nere,
But in his death, he ſtill lyes heere.

Vppon one Eleazer Death *a good fellow Taylor.* 31.

IF *Death* a Taylor bee, why then
He muſt prick *Lice*, not *Lands* nor *Men*.

Deaths *Epitaph.* 32.

HEere *Death's* inter'd, that liud by Bread:
Then, all ſhould liue, now *Death* is dead.

On one Forgot *a Pitman.* 34.

HEere lyes, but what! that know I not:
Then (*Reader*) know, it is *Forgot*:
And yet if it thou doſt not know,
Read but That and it wil ſhew.

On a ſhort ſpare man, that wore alwayes an huge paire of Cloke-bag hoſe. 35.

THat earth might diſſolue the ſtitches,
Heere lies (rak't) a paire of *Breeches*:

Naught

Nought could weare them ſith they had
Nought to weare them but a Shade.

On Iohn *an Oakes.*
*Epitaph.*36.

HAlla, my Mates, here make a ſtand,
And read who lies here; vnderſtand
It's *Iohn* a *Nokes* the Lawiers ſoole;
Yet puts them ſtill, for Law, to ſchoole.

One Ro: Goſe *a light-headed wanton.*
Epitaph. 37.

HEre lies a Sot, that liu'd too looſe;
Read ſoft, then, leaſt yee wake the Gooſe.

*On a Sot that was held honeſt though ſuch cannot bee ſo. Epitaph.*38.

VVOuld yee thinke it? I thinke not;
Here doth lie an honeſt *Sot.*
Then, let him lie ſtill in his Graue,
Left this World make the Foole a Knaue.

On one N. Pot, *a drunkard who was ſtabb'd in an Ale-houſe. Epitaph.* 39.

R*Eader*, though it's ſtincking ſtale,
Here lies ſpilt a Pot of *Ale:*

So

So, he hath ſmall reckning got,
Though he were the reckning Pot.

On an idle prattler, nick-named Words.
Epitaph. 40.

ALas that euer he was borne,
Here lies a *Man* to *Nothing* worne;
Yet *is* more than he *was* (I truſt)
He *was* but Words; but, now *is* Duſt.

On one H. Quarrell.
Epit. 41.

IFyee come, come on your perill,
For here lies a morrall *Quarrell:*
It is mortall, yet yee may
Finde it dead without a Fray.

One one B. Holiday.
Epit. 42.

AH! out, alas, and well-away,
Here *lies ſtill*, an *Holyday*:
Had it beene working-then, yee know,
It could not *lie ſtill*, to be ſo.
Yet, when *Holyday* ſhall riſe,
Hee'l fall, then, to ſome exerciſe.

Being desir'd to make an Epitaph on an ill-belou'd rich miserable yong-man whose name was Bright; *and whose mothers name by her father, was* Sparke; *he writ. Epitaph. 45.*

NOw, by this light,
Here, in the Darke,
Doth light one *Bright*,
That was a *Sparke*.

Foure sad Epitaphs.

A Epitaph on the death of the most fawous Bishop; both for good learning, and good living, Doctor Tomson *Bishop of Glouceſter.*

Epitaph. 46.

THis *Tombe* enwombes a Child of God, whose (grace,
Wit, Art and Nature still, were so exact,
As makes his praiseful Time, and orefill Place;
Yet, in this Place his *Corps* lies close compact!
Then, such a *sunne* this Tomb doth now enwombe
As no such *Tom-sonne*, *Tomb* did e're entombe!

On Maſter W. Woodcock, *a vertuous discreete and rare Scholler. Epitaph.* 47.

HEre lies a *Woodcock* honest, learn'd, and wise,
Safe from the *snares* of all his *enemies:*
No *Woodcock*, then, in *Nature*, but in *Name:*
For which not *He*, but *Fortune* was too blame.

The

The Authors Epitaph. 48.

LOng after *All* was *made*, I, *made*, was *marr'd*
By *Error* of my *Parents*, ere I *err'd*:
For, to the *World* I came through their *offence*,
Which made me *sinfull*, in mine *Innocence*.
I lou'd the *Muses*; and sought by them
Long life in this lifes *shadow of a Dreame*;
But, I am gon; and, my *Remaines* (I gesse)
Are but the *Labours* of my *Idlenesse*
Which, liuing, die: so all thereby I got
Is *Fame* (perhaps) which (past perhaps) *Is* not;
At least *Is* not to me; sith dead I am:
And, haue no sence of *Aire*, *Fames* surer *Name*.
I lou'd *Faire-writing*; and, could Write as faire
As any that for *That* had got that *Aire*.
I taught it others; but my greatest *Tee*
Was *fairest-fame* the *fowler shame* for mee
In Mens accompt; who hold all *Gettings* vaine
That tend to *Grace* and *Glory* more than *Gaine*.
My *Heart* was Manly, in a double-sence,
Kind to my *Friends* and apt to giue offence
To my *Offenders*: so, *Heart*, *Hand*, and *Head*
Had precious *Guifts*, that did me little stead.
I found the *World* as *Abel* found it; sith
It harm'd me most that medl'd least therewith.
I found my *Flesh* my *Houshold Foe*; while I
The *Diuell* found my *forraigne enemy*:

So, *Inwardly* and *Outwardly* I found
My life ſtill *Militant*; till in this *Ground*
I lay intrench'd: where *ſafe* I lie from *fight*,
Equall to *Caſar* in our *preſent plight*:
If *oddes* there be; herein it now doth reſt,
I, being a *Chriſtian-man*, muſt needs be beſt:
My *ſoule* is in his *hand*, that made me ſo;
His *Glories* Subiect ſtill, in *Weale*, or *Woe*.

On a vertuous faire-maide Miſtreſſe Eliza: Amber.

Epitaph. 49.

READer ſtay; ſee who lies here:
Attracting *Amber*, ſhyning cleare:
Yet *Death* that clearenеſſe cloudeth, now;
But, being bright, it ſhineth through.

Againe.

Reader, ſtay; and yet, be wiſe;
For, here ſtill-drawing *Amber* lies:
But yet, if now ſhe draw thee to her,
Thou muſt die, or quite vndo her.

On a Bankerupt called Myte.

Epitaph. 51.

READer, read right,
And thou ſhalt ſee,
Here lies a *Myte*
Not worth a *Cee*.

On a wicked fellow called P. Godſoll.
Epita. 51.

LOrd! that men ſhould read, or ſay,
Here lies *God-ſole* turn'd to Clay:
Yet, ſith ſhe was no *ſoule* of God,
He turn'd too wel, when he turn'd Clod.

Of one Woorth *that died Lowſie, having had a good lyuing; but ſpent it leaudly. Epit.* 52.

HEre lies *Woorth*
Of little price;
And, ſo foorth;
The reſt is Lice.

On one Elizabeth *Butter a faire maide.*
Epitaph. 53.

HEre lies ſweete *Butter* turn'd to Graſſe,
To make ſweete *Butter* as it was.

On one I. Cheeſe, *an old Leatcher.*
Epitaph. 53.

HEre lies old *Cheeſe*, who doth not know it,
Aske but the *Grubs*, and they will ſhew it.

On one P. Cocke, *a rich fools, who gaue much money by will, to make him a faire Tombe. Epit.* 56.

HEre lies a *Cocke*, he mist the *Combe*
Hardly, to haue with Wise men Roome:
But now he is dead, it doth appeare,
He's proud of his owne dunghill here.

On a common Drunkard call'd Man. Epitaph. 56.

CAn yee thinke it? if yee can,
Then here lies a Beast-like Man.

On one call'd Iaques. *Epitaph.* 57.

FIe out vp on't, spue, spit, and cough;
A *Iakes* here lieth: Mary, fough!

On one Wit, whose mother died with his birth; a contentious fellow. Epitaph. 58.

COme a long, and Nothing by:
For Wit bought deerely, here doth lie:
That's good for *nothing*; then be glad,
That good for nought, may here be had.

On

On the Cripple, who ſtole the weather-cocke of Paules.
Epitaph. 59.

HEre lies the Cripple,
That ſtole *Paules-weather-cocke*,
From that high Steeple
By night, at Twelue a Clocke:
If now he could flye here
(As then) paſt his fellowes,
Yet he would lie here,
He would climbe to the *Gallowes*.

On one called Holyday *a great gamester kill'd playing at Primero.* *Epitaph.* 60.

HEre lies gaming *Holyday*,
VVho wan his greateſt *Reſt* by play:
For, at *Primero*, in his Breſt,
He got a Stab, that wan this *Reſt*.

Vpon one Denis *who ſlue one in a Tennis-court about the difference of a Chaſe.* *Epitaph.* 61.

HEre lies one *Denis*
That plaide well at *Tenis*;
But as the *Line* he croſt,
It him ſo intangled,
That him it ſtrangled:
So, his *Time* Set, he loſt.

On one Gold, *a great Diceer. Epit.62.*

HEre lies *Gold*, that past at *Dice*;
Yet be it told, to know the price:
And for it went so light away,
It shalbe spent, here, Night and Day.

On No-body, *as he is fancied & set fourth in picture. Epitaph. 63.*

BOdy of me here lies *No-body*,
That is: *Nothing*, like a *Noddy*:
Then, the shortest *Epitaph*
Fits him best that no *place* hath.

On a double fellow, ill composed. Epit.64.

HEre lies one double in his Graue:
For, he was still a Foole, and Knaue.

On a skirny fellow, enriched by a Queane. Epit.65.

HEre lies a *Scab*
Made by a *Drab*.

On a Vserer. Egitaph.

HEre still lieth *Tenpur Cent:*
In Deaths house, and payes no rent;

Then

Then its like he lends to Death,
On this *Free-hold*, his deareſt Breach.

On one Norman, *an ill man.* 66.

WIthin this Graue, heere lies, alone,
Nor-man, nor Beaſt; but both in one.

On one Maiſter Linder, *that was burnt by a Drab: and thereof dyed.* 67.

HEre lies luſty *Linder*:
But it is cleere,
Had he not linde her,
Hee had not layne heere.

On a moſt intollerable curſt Wife. 68.

IF it be true, as I heare tell,
Some affirme the Graue is Hell:
And if Hell bee, then, ſo neere,
The verieſt Diuill of Hell lies heere.

On one that lou'd Sacke as his Soule. 69.

REader, bleſſe thee, if afear'd,
The *Spirit* of *Sack* lyes heere inter'd.

Againe otherwiſe.

GOod Reader, bleſſe thee bee aſſur'd,
The *Spirit* of *Sack* lies heere immur'd,
Who hauock't all he could come by
For *Sacke*: and heere quite Sack doth lye.

On a Pander. 70.

HEere lies no-man,
But a Wo-man.
Woman? Fye no.
Man then? Why no.
What then is it;
That doth viſit
Thoſe that wander,
Call'd a *Pander*.

On a common quarreller. 71.

DId you euer ſee the like,
Heere lies one that ſtill doth ſtrike:
Aliue, he Strake both Friends and foes;
And, dead, his ſtinke ſtrikes eithers Noſe.

On one called Hinde, *a miſerable Vſurer.* 72.

WIthin the Duſt, heere lyes a *Hinde*,
That heere would weare ſoone out of mind:
Then

Then left this Duſt, *Times* eyes ſhould blinde,
Bee't knowne to all: *Heere lyes a Hinde.*

Epitaph. 73.

NOne would thinke it by and by,
Heere lies one that cannot lye.

On a Bridewell-Beadle. 74.

HEre lies a *Bridewell-Beggers-Beadle,*
Once caſ'd in *Blew*, whereon *Death* plaies
As on his baſeſt Crowde, or Fiddle;
And, for his whipping, him he Flayes.

On a Man whoſe name was Mouſe. 75.

HEere lies a Man: nay, bate me an Aſe;
Heere lies a Mouſe in a Mans Caſe.

On one Nichols, *that chang'd his Religion many times.* 76.

HEere lies *Iack of both ſides*, right on his Back,
who for he did ſooth *ſides* all *ſides* cal him *Iack*,
Then on his Belly or Back he muſt bide,
Becauſe he could ne're lye ſtill on a Side.

On one Loue *a Gold-finder alias a Lakes-Farmer.* 77.

IF yee can ſmell,
Then draw ye neere:
And you'l ſoone tell
Who lyeth heere.

On a tall Coward. 78.

FAith ſir no; it is not ſo:
Then who lies heere you cannot know;
Yet was a Man exceeding tall,
And yet he was no man at all!

By one Shockman *hangd in chaines on a Hill.* 79.

HEere ſtill ſleepes *Shockman*,
On this heauy Hill:
Yet when *Death* doth rock-man,
He wags, ſleeping ſtill.

On a, Bankcroupt that liu'd (till he died) long in Ludgate, oft begging in the Hole. 80.

NOne can tell who lyeth heere
Saith he neuer did appeare:

For; he liu'd and d'ide in Warde;
So, nere was *ſeene* but often *heard.*

To my Worthily much honored M. Richard Martin, *learned in the Lawes, Arts, and Langu'ges.*

M*Arten*, the *Bird*, the *Beaſt*, the *Man* in grace;
Haue all three, three peculiar deareſt things:
The *Bird* for taking time of Time and Place:
The *Beaſt* for his rich *Caſe*, the *Caſe* of *Kings*;
And thou, the *Man*, for thy high *Wit* and *Worth*,
So, *Man*, *Beaſt*, *bird*, A *Marten* thus ſets forth.

To my Noble and euer beſt beloued Pupill, Captaine Henry Maynwarring.

THough laſt I place thee (noble *Pupill*) I
Haue reaſon for't. Wil't know the Miſtery?
Thou ſhalt, next heau'n, be laſt in mind with me
At laſt, when I to Heau'n ſhall *Viher Thee.*
What ſaid I? Heau'n! do Captaines climbe ſo hie?
Yes, thou ſhalt doo't, ſith thou ſo oft did'ſt buy
Freedome for Chriſtians; (Slaues to Turkes;) and ſo
Thou ebd'ſt thy *meanes* with *grace*: if *ſin* did flow.

The conclusion.

NOw Halla, *here my merry* Muſe,
No longer Time *and* Rime *abuſe*;
And ſith to both, thou haſt don ſcath,
This ſhalbe thine Epitaph.

HEre lies a *Muſe* (was made by *Nine*)
That drunken was with *Wit*, not *Wine*:
And yet the Bowells of her *Wit*
Being too full of *Traſh* vnfit.
Here, like a *Fart*, doth let it flie,
More for his *eaſe*, than *honeſty*.

FINIS.

On Banning.

BE *as bee may*; no *Banning is*: *Oh no*;
Banning's a bleſſing: and I'le take it ſo.

An excuse for Faults escapt in Printing by reason my Occasions would not permit me to looke to the Presse.

WHen Printing first was borne (it seems) it had
This curse with it; That it should beare no
But it, with *Falts*, should make the *Father* sad, (*Book*
Then *Reader* to the *Faults* vouchsafe to looke:
And mend, or make them worse; all's one to me,
They be not mine; but theirs that, now, o'resee.

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